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BELLS OF TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O bells of time! whose distant chime
Rings out old loves, the poet's rhyme,
Rings out old fears, the drip of tears,
The cadence of departing years!

How soft each note at eve shall float
Adown the distances remote,
And bear away at close of day
The hopes which come, but not to stay.

O passing time! I hear your chime,
The surging of a wave sublime,
Which on its crest, its heaving breast,
Bears each day's troubles into rest.

It beareth more—to that far shore
Where we shall hie, life's voyage o'er,
With waters cold, beyond our fold,
It takes the treasures we would hold

A treasure rare we would not spare
Slips from our arms, that kept with care,
And wife and child, that on us smiled,
Go down beneath the waters wild.

And still, O bells! your music swells,
And of the past and loved ones tells,
And still shall float each dying note
From out the distances remote,

Above the roar rom shore to shore,
Above the waves that bear us o'er,
Until your chime shall cease, O Time!
When ring the heavenly bells sublime.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER, BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE.

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CHAPTER XII.—LIARDOT SATISFIES HIMSELF.

"Christiane, Christiane! Where are you? Speak to me!" cried a voice that the young woman recognized instantly.

"Aymeric! It is Heaven has sent you to my aid," said she, trying to regain her feet.

She had not the strength to say more, but this was enough to double the energy and rage of Candeil.

"Scoundrel!" said he between his clenched teeth; "I do not know you, but you shall die!"

The gate had remained open, and the struggle that ensued carried the desperate antagonists into the street. Cabasson made what use he could of his fists, but the strength of the young nobleman overwhelmed him. The unfortunate steward was hurled against the wall, and, after a desperate struggle, thrown with damaging violence to the pavement, with his enemy above him. The force of this fall mastered the steward. Candeil arose, still maintaining his grip, and pulled his antagonist up to a sitting position. He made no resistance. His limbs were limp. The Baron let go his hold, and the inert body fell back, the head striking with another heavy thump on his head. Aymeric felt his enemy's pulse and placed his hand on his breast. His heart no longer beat.

"The villain is dead," said he coolly. "Well, he deserved it."

With this brief funeral oration over his late adversary, Candeil hastened to the garden and shut and bolted the gate behind him. The more serious the circumstances, the more self-possessed was the Baron. This was his way. He called to Christiane, for all this scene had transpired in the darkness, and he could not see a foot before him. In response two gentle arms enfolded him, and he felt a burning brow pressed to his lips. Guided by the light of the lamp which Christiane had placed on the table in the parlor, Aymeric raised her in his arms as if she had been a child, and carried her into the house.

Christiane was not one of those timid creatures who faint on the slightest provocation. During this terrible scene she had not once lost her consciousness. Her great liquid eyes looked upon Aymeric with an expression of tenderness and gratitude that he had never seen in them before. For such a look he would have braved all the artillery of the Republic.

"Who was your assailant?" he asked.

"One of our servants—the one whom you saw at dinner standing behind my husband's chair."

"What! That flat-faced, crook-nosed boor? Why, this is astonishing! But by what pretext did he manage to get in here?"

"I was waiting for you. I had put the lamp in the window. I heard the signal, and thought it was you, so I came down and opened the gate."

"The signal! Why, did he know the signal?"

"He heard it given on New-Year's night. He must have been watching in the street, for he saw you come in that night."

"Ah-ha! I know him now. He was the man with the stick—the scoundrel who attacked me."

"What do you mean, Aymeric?"

"Why, that night when I left you I was attacked by a stranger who was waiting for me in the darkness, armed with a cudgel. If I had known that I would have killed him anyhow. So I'm not sorry for what I've done now."

"Killed him? He is dead, then?" said Christiane, growing very pale.

"Yes; I strangled him like a dog, as he was," said Aymeric, grinding his teeth in his freshly awakened rage.

There was a long silence.

"A murder!" murmured the young girl. "A murder, and I the cause of it!"

"A murder?" repeated Aymeric with indignation. "And what do you call the bloody deeds that have stained fair Paris since the Reign of Terror? And the brave souls who have fallen before the legions of the Directory, and have sunk forgotten into unhonored graves—how will you mourn for them, since you regret thus the taking-off of this brute whose body I have tossed into the kennel whence he sprung? I am right to strangle him! He was not worth a bullet or a poniard stroke. Such a death is a soldier's; he was but a dog, and I strangled him."

Christiane sighed, but made no answer to her lover's indignant defense.

"You were late in arriving, Aymeric," said she finally, rather to conceal her emotion than to chide him.

She had evidently touched a delicate subject without intending to do so, for, to her astonishment, the young man reddened and then paled, and could not go prowling about the street dressed as I was at the dinner," said he with a visible embarrassment. "I had to go home and change my clothing, and arm myself."

"Oh, I do not complain of your tardiness, Aymeric," said Christiane; "but, if you had arrived a few minutes later, I would have been lost."

Aymeric hung his head and made no reply. His attitude was that of a guilty man, and a vague suspicion flashed across her mind.

"But," she continued, driving away the painful impression that was forcing itself on her mind, "what a miracle it was that you should come to my rescue at the very moment I was attacked by the ruffian! I had withdrawn the light from my window. How, then, did you know that I was at the door in the hands of that desperate villain?"

"Well, as I passed at the appointed time I saw that the usual signal was not shown in your window, and I was in great trouble in consequence. The absence of the light convinced me that you had changed your mind in regard to the meeting. I was just about to turn on my heel and go to my lodgings, when I thought perhaps your husband had come unexpectedly to ask you to explain the looks that passed between us when we were introduced at the dinner-party."

"He come here in the night? I thought I told you before that he never visits me here."

"Perhaps you did, but I had forgotten it; and I supposed that, he having come without warning, you had made haste to remove the lamp."

"But you remained?"

"Yes, I remained. I stood in the shadow of the wall across the street, and kept my eyes on your window, watching for the reappearance of the light. How long a time I stood there I do not know. I fell into a deep reverie, and all I remember is that I was aroused from it by a series of confused sounds which seemed to come from your house. I listened attentively, and finally distinguished two voices alternating in conversation. I thought I could recognize one of these voices as yours, but I was not sure."

"So you rushed into the garden ——"

"No," said Aymeric, shaking his head wisely. "This new discovery simply confirmed my first suspicion that your husband had come to pay you a visit. The conversation was evidently going on near the vestibule of your house, and what puzzled me was why Liardot had come around the street and the gate to visit you, when he could have gone more directly by the covered way between the two houses. I drew near the gate and listened. The voices were more distinct now, but I could not make out the sense of the words. The tones were those of anger, however, and I had no longer any doubt that you were being violently reproached by the man whom I took for your husband. From the tones of his voice I feared that at any moment his passion might give the scene a tragic turn. I put my shoulder against the door, determined to burst it in and rush to your rescue, when I heard a shriek, and the sound of a struggle. I pushed with all my strength, but, to my astonishment, the door suddenly gave way and I was precipitated into the garden. What happened then you know."

When he had finished his story the Baron seized the young girl's hand and covered it with kisses. She remained silent, buried in a deep reverie that made her unconscious of what was going on about her; but it was plain, from her troubled brow and the trembling of her lips, that she was enduring some terrible mental struggle.

"To-night I happened to be here in time to save you," resumed Aymeric in a gentle voice; "but another danger may threaten you and I may not be here."

"A danger?" repeated Christiane mechanically.

"Yes, and a thousand times more serious than any you have yet met with. Who knows but that your husband may discover the fact of our nocturnal meetings, and will bring down on your head all the force of his terrible resentment?"

"You do not know him, Aymeric, if you think him capable of employing violence towards me," said Christiane sadly. "It is for you I tremble—for you who have not the self-control to bear patiently with an insult or a provocation."

"You fear a duel between us?" inquired the Baron with a bitter smile.

"Yes; this terrible thought racks my brain day and night. I fear that you are destined to shed each other's blood."

"Well, then, suppose we are?" said Candeil coldly.

"Then I would die, O Aymeric! you forget that without him, without the protection he gave me, I would now sleep in the grave beside the Count de Limeuil, my unhappy father."

"I forget nothing, Christiane, and to prove it I swear in your presence that no provocation can be sufficient to induce me to engage in combat with your husband. At any time during the past two days I could have killed him honorably and without a pang of remorse; but now, if I were to cross swords with him, I should blush for myself."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Candeil, "that this man has saved my life as well as yours."

"Saved your life, Aymeric?"

"Yes, my life, and only a short time after I left you on the night of my first visit."

"The night of the first of January? But is it possible?"

"That night I was seized by the spies of the conspirators with whom I am in league, dragged before a secret tribunal, and accused of treason. They declared that I had betrayed the secrets of the conspiracy to a woman."

"To a woman?"

"Yes; to you, Christiane. They knew I had a rendezvous that night, and, although they did not know the name of her I met, they doubted not that I had been weak enough to tell her all I knew."

"But you did not tell me a word, and I did not ask you to."

"I was condemned to death, and the sentence was about to be executed on the spot, when your husband interfered and saved my life."

"He? He among these assassins?"

"Between comrades in conspiracy, assassination changes its name and becomes an execution. Your husband was the prosecutor of the tribunal, and it was he who made the charge and urged the execution. But I bore up so bravely even when the rope was about my neck and they told me my last moment had come, that he used his influence to save me. So you see it is impossible for me to fight with Liardot."

"Yes I understand, and I thank Heaven it is so. But what has occurred between you since that dreadful night? Why did he invite you to his home? When are you to see him again? Am I to be again subjected to the torture of this evening?"

"After my rescue Liardot left me free to go where I willed, but exacted a promise that I would dine with him at his house in the evening, and of course I could not refuse. I had no idea of his relations to you; so you may imagine my surprise when we met."

"And mine," added Christiane. "I could scarcely support myself, so great was the shock occasioned by your appearance."

"He suspected us for a moment or two, but I am certain that his suspicions were dissipated, for, in a long interview I had with him afterwards in the conservatory, he gave me proofs that he has still the most absolute confidence in me."

"He told you to call again, perhaps?"

"He said that if he does not call on me at my house to-morrow morning, I must go at nightfall to one of the warehouses on the quay, whence I may reach his private apartments by a secret staircase."

"Oh, yes," said Christiane to herself, "I was sure there was a secret passage there."

"This interview will probably be decisive," said the Baron, "for this very night the organization of which we are members holding a meeting and deliberating on the most important projects."

"What organization? What projects?" exclaimed Christiane; then, recollecting the secrecy of the plots in which her lover was engaged, she continued bitterly: "Ah! but I forget. I must know nothing—ask nothing. I forget that it is my lot to resign myself and to await in anguish of mind and heart the fate that Heaven has marked out for you. While you, Aymeric, will have the excitements of the struggle and its danger to support you, I am condemned to live in agony, devouring my heart in terror lest they come some day to tell me the plot is discovered and your head is to fall."

"Calm yourself, Christiane," said Candeil. "Why should you meet misfortune such a long way off?"

"Why, Aymeric?" cried she. "I will tell you. Because Heaven does not bless unholy loves, because I feel that our affection is wicked; and since I have heard you pronounce my husband's name I have a presentiment of evil."

Candeil dropped his eyes and made no reply. He, too, felt a sting of his conscience at the thought that his presence in this house was a wrong to the man who had saved his life. He, too, foresaw the many catastrophes that this perilous position of affairs might bring about; but he was not a man to run away from the consequences of his acts, any more than he was one to be long under a cloud of discouragement.

"No!" he exclaimed, raising his head again. "We cannot be held responsible for the situation in which fate alone has placed us. Did I know this man was your husband when they sent me from London to join him in his plot? And in accepting my life from his hands, did I bargain to give up my love? If he had stated that as a condition on which he would save me, I would have told my executioners to go on with their work. And you, Christiane—you whom fate placed between the scaffold and a disgraceful marriage—did you agree when you took his odious name to undo all the happy past? And what did he think? Did he for a moment suppose he could ever be anything else to you but a mere protector, imposed by a horrible alternative?"

"Aymeric! you are breaking my heart!" murmured the young woman wildly.

"And think you this man will not be repaid five hundred times over for what he has done?" said Candeil warmly. "Think you I will not recognize his noble conduct in the happy future that surely must await us? In a few months, perhaps in a few weeks, the ragamuffins of the Luxembourg will be driven out and the King will return to France. The first act of his reign will be the assembling about the throne of all the gentlemen who have served him faithfully, and he will not forget that I have risked my life a hundred times to gain him his crown. Then I will seek Liardot, and will offer to make him rich and powerful in my place; for my only ambition is that Mlle. De Limeuil may become the true wife of the Baron of Candeil."

Christiane sadly shook her head, murmuring: "There are men whom neither gold nor honors can recompense."

Aymeric felt that Christiane judged Liardot's character justly, and that all the fine arguments he had adduced rested on no solid foundation. He had not the courage to pursue them any farther.

"But meantime, while we are waiting on fortune, what a situation is ours! Deceiving an honest, kind-hearted man, lying in every word and look, acting a falsehood every hour of the day and night! This is odious work, Aymeric, and the Great Being who put the proud blood of De Limeuil in my veins did not create me for so debasing a task."

"Christiane," said Aymeric in a voice that trembled despite his habitual coolness, "I am as weary as you can be of this existence. It oppresses, it humiliates me, and I am ready and eager to end it."

"How? What can be done to end it?"

"Fly with me!"

"Where?"

"Anywhere! To England, to Italy, to Brittany—anywhere that I may still serve the King and worship you—any place where we may be free to love without having the supposed duty which now enchains you rising up like a barrier between us."

Madame Liardot grew pale and pressed her hand to her fluttering heart.

"Then nothing could come to mar our joy. Follow me to the field, if you will. Even there we should live amid the excitements of battle, and surrounded by friends who would die before harm should come to you."

"Be still, Aymeric! No more! I must not listen to you!"

"Hear me, Christiane, but a moment. Here in this accursed city, where your father's blood has reddened the pavements, I may be of service to our cause, it is true; but I was not created to engage in this war of ambushes and secret passages and midnight conspiracy! The London Committee made a great mistake in sending me here. I can easily get a transfer to a mission that will at least give a chance to die in the daylight, if die I must. There will be enough people volunteer to mine the Jacobin citadel. Come, Christiane, we have had enough of this secrecy! Fly out into the daylight with me!"

"No, no, it is impossible!" cried Christiane, shrinking back as he sought in his impetuous way to draw her towards him.

"Impossible?" he repeated impatiently. "And why? Did you not say a moment ago that you were weary of concealing our love; that your heart revolted against deceiving the man who is only your husband in name? The hour has now come to throw off the shameful mask, to end the base hypocrisy of our life, and to abandon the policy of stratagems, deceit and falsehood to basehorn lackeys. The hour has come for our union before the world, as we are already united in the sight of Heaven."

"Our union!" cried Christiane, whom this word had awakened to an appreciation of the realities of the situation. "You know, Aymeric, I cannot be your wife."

"But you are free—you have acknowledged it—you are free, since your marriage has never been consecrated by the benediction of the priest. And more, you told me yourself your husband had agreed that at a future day he would renounce the title of husband and release you from the marriage-tie. You said he was too generous to avail himself of rights which were given him by your misfortunes and those of our unhappy France. What restrains you, then? What forbids you demanding the liberty he promised you?"

"No, no! I have given my vow."

"Your vow? What is it, then? What other obligation have you concealed from me?"

"I have concealed nothing from you. I have already told you that I made a sacred promise to my husband that I would respect the vows that bind us until the restored monarchy shall by law dissolve all the unnatural unions sanctioned by the Republic."

"Ah!" cried Candeil in accents of bitter reproach that went straight to the heart of Christiane. "These are the scruples that enchain you! To the warm, unreasoning love I offer you you oppose cold legal formalities. To the holy vows of our youth you oppose the marriage vows given before a dirty Jacobin in a red nightcap and the tri-color scarf of a harlequin! This is the burlesque of marriage that impresses you with moral obligation. Come, be frank no longer, at least, Christiane—you love me no longer, if you ever loved me at all! Acknowledge it."

"I do not love you?" said the young woman, starting as if stricken by an electric current, and drawing herself up to her full height; "I never loved you? And it is you, Aymeric, who say this? What have I done that I should suffer thus—that I should hear you say you doubt my love?"

Aymeric opened his arms invitingly.

"Come, then," said he firmly. "Fly with me!"

"O Aymeric! think, is it right to tempt me thus?" said Christiane, with bewilderment in her voice and manner.

"Yes. Come—let us fly this very night—this very moment. Let us leave this accursed Paris, that I hate—this city of blood and woe, where another dares to love you—this dreadful Paris, where we must lie and sneak and plot in the dark! Come with me to England. There we will be free—free to live and die together; where no odious master may say: 'You belong to me.' Come, Christiane—here only new misery awaits us. Come while there is yet time!"

"You are mistaken, Baron Candeil—there is not yet time," said a deep voice directly behind the young lovers.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TENTING SEASON---SCENE BETWEEN AFTERNOON AND EVENING PERFORMANCES.

REFRESHMENTS IN THE MENAGERIE.

There are many phases of life under the canvas tent which are not revealed to the outside world. The spectator who pays his half-dollar to see the animals in the menagerie and the performance in the ring gets only a faint idea of that inner life which, with all its hardships, possesses a singular fascination. Very strikingly does our illustration this week present one of those private scenes not intended for the public eye. Here we have a group of choice spirits gathered about the cages and animals and enjoying themselves in their own peculiar fashion. The jolly, rotund old fellow, seated upon the drum, talks learnedly about the elephants and tigers when the show is open, but forgets his natural history in the conviviality of the present moment. The clown, whose antics are always fresh and funny to the little folk, is glad to stretch himself out in a comfortable position, with the docile dromedary serving as a rest for his back. He indulges in no quips or jests now, but finds infinite satisfaction in his pipe and mug of beer, which latter he generously shares with the hard-working, serious-faced monkey. The muscular acrobat is evidently proposing a toast, to which the jolly old fellow on the drum smilingly responds; but the performer must have a care, or his mug of foaming beer will be confiscated by the envious elephant, whose trunk appears in dangerous proximity to the beverage. The scene would be incomplete without a touch of femininity to brighten it, so we have the two girls in gauzy drapery, and one with the traditional wings of a fairy. Perhaps neither of them is a fairy, but from their pretty faces it would be safe to assume that many an ardent admirer has believed each such. Why spoil the romance that clings about them by telling these admirers that one is the wife of the clown and the other of the acrobat? They ride none the less gracefully on that account, and they are really none the less beautiful. The Teutonic-looking gentleman in the background, who is pouring out a revivifying draught, is doubtless one of the animal-keepers, and his thirst appears to have extended even to the stork-like bird which is exploring the bottle on its own account. The animals in their cages and the sombre-looking elephants looming out of the shadow make up a picture striking in its contrasts and bizarre in its surroundings. So, too, are the sharp contrasts of light and shade in the life which the scene depicts. But to those who have once scented the sawdust the light remains long after the shadows are forgotten. The charm of show-life can never be thrown off, and the veteran clings only to the pleasant memories, forgetting the privations and hardships.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.—Most people imagine that house-plants poison the air of a room by the exhalation of carbonic acid during the night. That this is a popular fallacy, and that it should be speedily consigned to the well-peopled limbo of "Vulgar Errors," were demonstrated by Prof. Kedzie of the Michigan Agricultural College. To make the test as conclusive as possible, instead of taking the air from a room containing a few plants only, the professor gathered it from the college greenhouse, where more than 6,000 plants were growing. The room had been closed for more than twelve hours, and if the plants exhaled carbonic acid to an injurious extent the analysis of air from such a room would certainly have disclosed the fact. Three specimens of this imprisoned air were gathered shortly before sunrise from different parts of the room, the analysis of which gave 4.11, 4.00, 4.00 parts of carbonic acid in 10,000 of air, or an average of 4.03 in 10,000, while the outdoor air contained 4 parts in 10,000

THE LONG JOURNEY

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

When our feet have grown heavy and weary
On the valleys and mountains of life,
And the path has grown dusty and dreary,
And we groan in the struggle and strife,
We halt on the difficult journey,
Glance backward o'er valley and plain,
And sigh with a sorrowful longing
To travel our journey again.

For we know in the past there were pleasures,
And seasons of joy and delight,
While before all is doubtful and darkness,
And dread of the gloom and the night;
Each bright sunny spot we remember—
How little we thought of them then!
But now are looking and longing
To rest in those places again.

But vain of the vainest our sighing,
Our course must be forward and on;
We cannot turn back on the journey,
We cannot enjoy what is gone.
Let us hope, then, as onward we travel,
That oasis may brighten the plain,
That our road be along the sweet waters,
Though we may not begin it again.

For existence forever goes upwards—
From the hill to the mountain we rise,
On, on, o'er invisible summits,
To land in the limitless skies.
Strive on, then, with courage unshaken—
True labor is never in vain—
Nor glance with regret at the pathway
No man can go over again.

HE WANTED TO BE A POET-LAUREATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY "COOPER JACK."

Yes; Josephus Herodotus Plutarch Dubussey had finished his elaborate high-school education—including a course of dime novels—and returned to the dear old homestead of his happy youth. But in two short years what a metamorphosis had taken place! For Josephus had left the dear old farm a careless, merry-hearted lad, with his winsome laughter, delighting everyone he came in contact with. He had left home with scarcely sixteen fair Summers resting lightly on his head, but had returned with more than eighteen "Winters of discontent" indelibly stamped on his manly brow. And at times he would wear a weary, saddened, careworn, dreamy, far-off look, write poetry on the walls of the house and barn, begin a few Indian tales, and in one hour he would mount Pegassus and dedicate a *lofty* ode to "Nameless Rock," and in the next, with Caliban, dive into the bowels of the earth and compose a *deep* apostrophe to "The Hole in the Ground;" only after every little shower of rain he would, with a misty, liquid air, meander off to "Dead-cow Gulch"—a muddy stream of about three-bucketsful capacity, and with sufficient power to run an ordinary coffee-mill—where he would work his imagination up to its greatest height, grind out a few poetry, then go home and ask sissy, with an abstracted, far-away gaze: "What are the wild waves saying?" Then, again, a change of style would come over his young dreams, and he would assume the haughty, arrogant, feudal-chieftain demeanor. And, in addressing anyone on the most trivial subject, it would be with a "Sirrah, sirrah!" "What, ho! slave!" "Come hither, minion!" Seraphina Perkins, sole daughter to the home and heart of the "Widow Perkins," and first cousin to "Eli," and who came to do the weekly washing, threatened to scald him if he did not cease calling her "Aroint thee, wench!" And she would, too, for she comes of a determined race. Then Josephus dropped his poems, and began another Indian dime-novel, and got off the dedication, which was as follows:

"Founder of Omaha! man of tremendous brain!
We dedicate this work to thee, George Francis Train.
But, for fear the book will go a-cavortin',
We'll add the name of Emperor Norton—
Switzerland's brave deliverer, also—well,
We mean the bow-and-arrow man, Wm. T. Hell."

But he never got any farther, for the above strain was too much for him, and it showed itself in his loss of appetite and hearing. He couldn't hear worth a cent any more. His mother had to call him repeatedly in the morning to get up, before she could make him hear her wishes. And she might bid him bring in a bucket of water or armful of wood fifty times, but 'twas no use—his hearing in that direction was entirely gone. And sissy had all such work to do; and he let her do it, too, for he said he was too manly to seek to debar her from such innocent recreation. His good old mother began to grow anxious about him, got down her sacks of rue, sage, wormwood, tansy, wormseed, and wanted to dose him for *worms*; but sissy said she didn't think it was worms—that bub was only getting some more of his *blank* verses ready for the next Centennial. And the old man just simply said:

"Now, mother, you go slow, and don't go poisoning the boy with your pot-herbs, for it's not worms—it's only growing pains, or maybe the effects of his high-toned education, and it will soon wear off."

But it didn't. It rather wore on, for the truth was that Josephus had conceived a violent dislike for farm-life, or, as he expressed it, "a slave to wood and water;" and he was constantly seeking an avenue of escape from its drudgery, that he might be enabled to give full scope to his lofty aspiration of becoming a poet-laureate.

"The best-laid plans of mice and men aft gang agley;" and Josephus' plans shared the same fate, and came to grief untimely in the following manner. His mother, one day at noon, succeeded in making him hear that she wanted him to go and call his father and hired men to dinner. He with a haughty air closed his favorite dime novel, entitled "The Last of the Barrens," placed it carefully away, and then, with a stern resolve, stalked forth to do his mother's bidding; and when he reached halfway between the house and where his father and help were working on an addition to the barn, he stopped and, firmly planting his feet in the ground, he hoarsely shouted:

"What ho, catiff! Come hither, sirrah! and summon thy craven minions to partake of thy high-meridian banquet."

This was too much for the old man, so he just "came hither" to where Josephus stood, and took him firmly by the left ear (the old man was left-handed) and gently ambled him over to the barn, where, procuring a good, stout step-ladder, he hauled Josephus across his knee, and at the first concussion a report followed as if the flywheel of the great Corliss engine of Centennial fame had burst and bounded off into space; and the others that followed were in proportion. Josephus does his eating in a standing position; and although sissy tells him that "there are plenty of chairs, bub," he good-naturedly replies:

"Never mind, sissy; I had rather stand up and grow."

And when he does sit down, he merely sits on the edge of the chair, just as if it was not strong enough to support his entire weight. His odd moments are employed in reading up "Fox's Book of Martyrs" and R. Grant White's "Words and their Uses." Josephus is a changed lad—very much changed. He uses good common-sense English language now, has discarded the Byron style of collars with Corsair neckties, has given his huge sleeve-buttons to sissy to iron his shirts with, has no more to do with Indian dime-novels or poetry on Crater Lake—but promises in every respect to make a good and useful man. However, one singular circumstance has been noticed, and that is on every available space of wall and scrap of paper may be found in large characters, in his well-known handwriting, the following mystical inscription: "Butchered to make a Roman Holiday." What did he mean?

MY LADY'S CHARMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY ETTIE ROGERS.

Meekness and perfume, glory and snare—
A gleam of snow on a sheen of gold—
Beautiful rose in her splendid hair,
Born of the dews as the dawns unfold;
Though of all roses rarest you be,
You are not sweeter, fair flower, than she.

Friendly and saintly, womanly whole!
Shimmer of rainbows, splendor and rest—
Pearls from pure depths, serene as her soul!
Beautiful gems that glow on her breast.
Never jewel came out of the sea,
Nor mine of the mountain, rare as she!

Beautiful bird from the fragrant South,
With golden wings, and eyes of a dove,
Nestling content to her rosy mouth,
Whisper and coo to my queen of love—
Tell her that brightest of all is she,
My rose, my pearl and my dove, to me!

"FOUR IN HAND."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was a small game, but extremely interesting. We were on board the seaworthy steamer City of New York, bound to Havana. Our party consisted of the usual mixture of travelers—merchants, lawyers, physicians, iron-founders, as well as Government employes. To relieve the monotony of the passage a game of poker was proposed, and a look around for players commenced. Lawyer, merchant, iron-founder and consumptive doctor responded, each having a slight knowledge of the game. The Government employe declined, owing to the fact that his Government eschewed poker-playing, that diplomatic eccentricity having belonged to a former Administration.

Quarters were taken up forward in a none too luxurious smoking-room, where around a deal table the deal commenced. The first day's playing, between meals and midnight, found the profits about equally divided, and interest in the game flagged, owing to the limited size of the *pots;* but on the second day, under the inspiring breezes from the Gulf of Mexico, the consumptive doctor rallied, and, feeling that his hand warranted a venture, shot out upon his mad career, evincing a knowledge of the intricacies of the game surprising to his associates, who, having limited knowledge upon their own part, sought the game simply for amusement. Alas for human hopes! The luck showered upon the doctor had also spread in its contagion to the other members of the party, and the doctor was glad when the watch came to enforce the regulations of the ship by putting out the lights, thus giving him an opportunity to retire gracefully upon his losses.

On the following day the doctor was deeply absorbed in one of Jules Verne's exciting tales, and could not be induced to forsake his book for the pleasures of the table, pleading as well a slight headache. To the trio remaining was confided the keeping-up of the honor of "Our National Diplomatic Game," and for a wonder luck seemed to run in a different groove. This time lawyer seemed to be on the advance, and the improvised chips, from backgammon and chess-board, were piled high in front of him, when a figure darkened the doorway, and "Consumptive Doc" dropped by his side. Jules Verne's novel had inspired him, and, observing the lawyer's luck, he exclaimed, after a big pot had been hauled in:

"There is a God in Israel. Give me a stack of chips."

Throwing down a twenty-dollar shiner, he picked up a winning hand. Luck did seem to favor him slightly and spur him onward to more noble exertions, until at last his hand seemed to warrant an extensive investment. The game had narrowed down to two, doctor and lawyer. Neither drew a card, but blinds and straddles were seen and filed, until all interest was centered upon the game, and outsiders dropped books and papers to see the winning hand. Bet upon bet cautiously advanced by each player, showing knowledge gained only in club or at board, mounted up the pile in the centre of the table. At last, the lawyer, having gone in as deeply as he thought advisable, called his opponent's hand.

"Four kings!" exultingly shouted the doctor, commencing to reach for the pile.

"Hold on!" says the lawyer. "I've got four aces!" exhibiting his hand.

The doctor had had enough, and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he walked off, muttering something about "the Israelites being left in the wilderness in Egypt." The fun bubbled over at his exit, and many a joke passed around before our arrival at Havana, at the thought that perhaps the season in the tropics would be shortened for the doctor, owingto the fact that there was no "God in Israel for him."

J. F. S.

"PA," asked an uptown boy the other day, "what is meant by Paradise?" "Paradise, my son," replied the father, "is the latter part of next Summer, when your mother goes on a visit to your grandmother."

A LITTLE DODGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY PHIL. J. PHETUS.

The Judge and myself were passionately fond of a clean shirt on Sunday, and had our "fondness" gratified for a long time, until our Chinaman began to complain of times being dull, and that his chances of staying in California were doubtful, and adding that, owing to "these troubles," he could give us no more credit. Now, this put us in a regular fix, for at that time we had all our shirts, etc., in the hands of the Celestial. If he had only given us notice that he was going to stop crediting us, or formed his new resolution a few days later, we would have been all right, for there were opposition Chinamen in town, and, as it was our disposition to give everybody a chance, we would have gone elsewhere—providing "elsewhere" gave credit.

But things were desperate. We had to have those shirts, and how to get them without paying was the force of problem. But we had been on the "surf too long." To put up a job was the work of but a moment, and this was the job. I was to "make-up" as a Chinaman, and make myself obnoxious to the young lads, who would, as is customary, retaliate by throwing stones at me. The "Judge" was to come just in the "nick o' time," and save me. All this was to happen in the presence of our "Wash Chinaman," who would be aroused to a fit of sensitiveness, and in order to pay the Judge for helping a countryman in need he would give him the shirts. "Noble Chinaman!"

Well, the job worked excellently well. We performed the business. The Judge, as was "put up," kindly protected the strange Chinaman (?). I thought everything lovely, and went home and changed my attire and proceeded to meet the Judge, so that we might congratulate ourselves upon the success of our little game. I met him at the Post-office, and "oh, joyousness!" he had the bundle under his arm. But—oh, horrors! Could it be? The bundle was small. Yes, my worst hopes were realized—the Judge had only his own shirts, and, as my neck was two sizes larger than his, I was without a shirt.

"Where are mine?" I asked.

"In the wash," he answered.

My feelings may be better imagined than told; but I made up my mind to let the Judge play the Chinaman's character the next time we put up "A LITTLE DODGE."

East Oakland, Cal., March 21, 1879.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

T. M.—1. This is hardly a discreet question to put to us. Our answer of course should be that we are right. Were it our habit to rely upon betting or references, or upon answers clipped from papers and posted alphabetically for possible use—were it our weakness to accept as fact all that we see in print, without an effort at investigation, we too would have published that the vessel sailed from here on March 21; or had our "clipping" said Feb. 29, we should have given that as the date. But suppose we had paused to inquire if there was a Feb. 29 in that year, finesmuch as it is three to one that there was not, or had asked ourselves what day of the week that particular March 21 fell on, and if that day of the week was steamer-day. Now, there was no Feb. 29 in that year, and that March 21 fell on Sunday. A steamer might for special reasons have sailed on a Sunday, but the mere fact that Sunday was not steamer-day at once impeaches the date given. It seems never to have struck you that in corroborating the first date by adding that the vessel was not heard from after March 18 we gave token of having investigated the matter, nor has it struck you how much likelier two papers were to agree as to the first of the same two and as to the first of two more. Either one copied from the other, or both had one copied from a third source. The latter is the more probable, and we think we could name the source. Your inquiry should rather have been addressed to either of the two other journals than to us. We have thelless patience with questions of this class because our chief annoyance comes to us in the form of recitals of our apparent blunders, which have no firmer foundation than the real blunders of others. These annoyances take all sorts of shapes. For example, it is but a few weeks since some one wrote to a contemporary that THE CLIPPER had decided that the pantomime of "Harlequin Almighty Dollar" had never been played at the New Bowery Theatre. The recollection of what we did decide viewed in connection with what we exchanged with having decided is calculated to transform a cherub into an anchorite: "GLASSBLOWERS, Hamilton.—No pantomime called 'A Mighty Dollar' has ever been performed in this city." Next came a different question: Did Blanchard the dog-star play at the New Bowery Theatre in a piece called "Almighty Dollar?" As matter of fact, we found that he never did; but, without entering into an essay upon the convertibility of titles, which essay was not called for by the question, we briefly replied "Yes." The piece was called "Harlequin Almighty Dollar," not Almighty Dollar; but the reference to Blanchard and his clown showed what play it was that the querist had in probability had in his mind, and was a fair excuse for our affirmative answer. The injustice of this pantomimic matter lies in the public coupling that it draws to THE CLIPPER, a proceeding not at all necessary to determine a mere question of fact, and indefensible for other reasons as well. Many of these instances, but as never before, that you yourself give us the names of two papers which, as you state, conflict with us by deciding that the steamship President left the last on the 21st, and the first columns these papers are nameless now, because we have to say that they are wrong. It is always a pleasure to us to name them and all others when we can find out that they are right. Almost every week we are in receipt of complaints about the rulings of newspapers, yet our readers will attest that there must have been rare provocation indeed when we are permitted to see the name of the alleged offending journal. We have in our lifetime been arbiter in too many disputes not to have realized how difficult it is to keep down the vanity of youth that might impel us to seek to air our little knowledge at the expense of our neighbors has been completely dissipated by the fact that we find it a little more we have to learn. But the chief reason that we suppress the names of our contemporaries when we happen to be at variance is that we have as high an opinion of them as enough to take your word, for example, that the two in question have ever stated that it was March 21 when the President sailed. It is quite likely that they did so, but it is possible that they have not. 2. John Collins the comedian died on Aug. 21, 1874.

KAPPA, Philadelphia.—The correct record made by W. Corkey when he won the competition in London, Oct. 28 to Nov. 2, 1878, was 520 miles 2 laps (seven laps to the mile), as stated in THE CLIPPER at the time. The track was a 7th. 3m. 21s. r. m. Nov. 2, and after donning a new costume came out fresh and supported by friends, and made the circuit of the track five times, making the distance actually covered 521 miles; but the fact that he was assisted in the extra lap entitled it only to be counted as being added to his record. The score-books were closed at the hour above mentioned, and, although nearly all of the contestants went some laps afterwards, the distances were not officially recorded. You win.

B. T. O., Walpole.—1. Twelve thousand persons, it is said, were present at the Ball match Chicago, on June 16, 1877, that being the largest attendance yet recorded on the Boston's grounds. 2. About eight thousand persons, it is estimated, were present at the Springfield rifle-range in Hartford May 1, 1876. 3. Spalding's salary, said to have been $4,000 for the season of 1877, is the largest yet credited to any player, although it is true that Chadwick got $5,000 for services as manager and secretary of the Chicago Club.

A. H. C., Atlanta.—1. B takes the pot, his hand having been declared "good" by his opponents. 2. We don't teach the latter to play poker properly—that is, show his cards to the board, and say nothing, as B did. Had A done this, he could have added seventy-five dollars to the pot, and called Je had until B was taking in the pot; and had he not acknowledged himself beaten, his cards would have shown for themselves. 2. No difference. 3. The opener need show only jacks or better.

CARR.—1. There being eight clubs, it takes twenty-eight games to complete the round, each club playing eight a number by the times (twelve) they play around. Double that total, and you will have the number of games they play (224), which is the number of games that will have to be played, as every game counts twice, once for each club that plays in it. 2. Gross, Salisbury, Gault, Miller, Oliver, Hines, Ely, Norcross, Sweetman and Sworkwood are the Detroit Club's players.

J. R., Boston.—It was poker-dice we wrote about. A player can stand content a few times. Your idea is not unreasonable. According to it, if you threw five fives in two throws, and your opponent, following you, threw five fives in two throws also, he would be entitled to a verdict in your favor once and got five sixes. This is giving the first thrower a good deal the best of it. When the game was begun it was supposed to be an even thing.

A. B. D., Washington.—McClellan played second base for the Chicagos last season; Farrell occupied the same position in the Hudsons of Brooklyn; and Start played the right-fielder and change-pitcher of the Hornells last year until their disbandment, and then pitched for the Stars of Syracuse. Eldridge played with the Red Caps of St. Paul, Minn., and the Milwaukees, in 1877, but was not recorded with any club last season.

WEBB.—Apart from a match with Weston, O'Leary walked in three matches while in England the first time. Each of these was over a distance of 300 miles; he won one from Peter Crossland, and was beaten by him and by Wm. Howes. 2. O'Leary complained of being very badly treated in one of his contests with Crossland in Manchester. 3. O'Leary's first public performance in England was a six days' exhibition walk in Liverpool.

"OSCEOLA," Philadelphia.—1. Harry Lehr is in Philadelphia. 2. He was the boy who was for a season a member of the family about eight years ago, and it was she we heard, who assisted him recently. She was announced as "Miss Lehr," but she is married, and the "Miss" on this occasion may have been sister or wife. The sister used to travel with him, giving exhibitions. 3. Take out a worthless card, and deal all the others.

REGULATOR.—1, 2. You have the legal right to express your disapprobation of any public performance by hissing. If it be done in a proper manner. 3. If a referee should decide that you expressed your disapprobation in a proper manner, and for that cause alone the manager ejected you, you could, probably, recover a verdict, but it is the small amount of money paid for your ticket, but exemplary damages besides.

J. J., New Orleans.—1. A cannot count for low—first because he had thrown up his hand, which no player has a right to do when it holds either "face or trump;" and next because C picked up A's cards and played the ace of trump, which C had no right to do, he being then in the position of an outsider, who should say nothing. 2. Fifty dollars may limit it.

ROCHESTER.—Miss Kate Claxton was the original representative of Louise in "The Two Orphans" when that drama was first acted in the United States, at Booth's theatre, this city, Dec. 21, 1874. At that time, and for some time before, Miss Sara Jewett was a member of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre company, but neither published nor enacted that character originally.

W. W. D.—1. Neither is out as yet. B can go out by making low, back or game. 2. Heaven alone knows as to what is the proper name of the game. You say that "B holds and makes his pedro, afterwards the five, and claims out." The five is four ones and the ace of trumps. Is that "ace, sancho pedro," or "don sancho bernardo pedro," or what ever else it may be called.

H. & H. St. Paul.—1. The New York Central Railroad Company is the proprietor, and it is now managed by an agent of this corporation. 2. It was named after P. S. Gilmore, who concerted the plan with a number of others during 1875-6-7. 3. He was never the lessee of it for a season.

CARL, Lancaster.—1. He can give a player out in order to save himself from defeat; but we do not see why you play the game to end as soon as one player is out. He can play as long as he pleases, and be no loser by it. Beyond that he cannot go. 3. Properly, no player should be allowed to bid more than once.

BILLY, Boston.—No; B must prove that he did. An acknowledgment that might have sufficed if made by any third party in dispute will not answer when made by B, if he was present when A made his claim. We should take B's word for it, unless we knew him too well, and pay the bet.

DALLAS.—It is not possible to give a positive decision and support it by sound and clear reasoning. The expression used by J. M. is altogether too vague. It can be held to mean either that the champion goes as you please pedestrian of the world. O'Leary is the champion long-distance walker.

LOST CHANCE, Portland.—Pay the money to the one you think it belongs to, merely requiring from him a guaranty of indemnity in the event of the others bringing suit for its recovery.

J. M. B., Jersey City.—That C's arch objects to the society, but the society does not object to the church, and there are numerous professing Christians in the religious body to the fraternity. Draw your own inference, ices.

SCRIBNER, Pittsburg.—We cannot answer positively. Probably the first handicap for the amount mentioned run in that locality was on June 6, 1865, at the Queen's Grounds.

C. W. L., Zanesville.—1. It is purely a matter of opinion who excels in that line. 2. It is impossible to state just how many magicians are performing in this country, or whether they all give "water-prices."

S. B. L., Brooklyn.—B cannot claim the game if he played any of those five cards before announcing a misdeal.

J. A., Manhattanville.—The late Charles M. Barras was the author of "The Black Crook," which was first performed at Niblo's Garden, this city, Sept. 12, 1866.

W. F.—Leadville.—2:14

S. D. D.—Woods can challenge Ditchett now; every time the badge changes hands it acquires a new lease of life. Ditchett, beaten now by Woods, can challenge him; and the championship year dates from the time the holder last acquired possession of the badge. An article justifying these conclusions has been crowded out and will appear next week.

J. H. S., Cleveland.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing stamp for reply. He will give you the desired information.

S. H. B., Washington.—1. There can be no difficulty in the matter, and the publication of such a notice is unnecessary. 2. They came in time.

TORONTO.—There were no prizes given—only a medal to commemorate the event was given to each performer.

F. M., Covington.—If the bet was made after O'Leary had announced his withdrawal from the contest, it is void. If it was made prior to O'Leary's retirement, it holds good.

CONSTANT READER, Georgetown.—1. Billy Edwards broke his left hand in his fight with Tim Collins. 2. Yes, for that fight. 3. Once only.

H. C. C., Newark.—Daniel O'Leary won the Astley belt in London, Eng., March 25-29, 1878, and defeated John Hughes in a match for it in this city Sept. 30 to Oct. 5 last.

J. A. F., Macon.—The company he was traveling with has disbanded. Such letters will be advertised for them free of charge.

FRITZ.—The game has not been named. At euchre, jack beats queen in cutting for deal, unless otherwise agreed upon.

H. C., Lynchburg.—Herman Konig, 387 Bowery, New York; Herman Sontag, 9 Park place; C. H. Ditson, 711 Broadway; W. A. Pond & Co., 25 Union square.

BLONDY.—Ned O'Baldwin died in this city Sept. 29, 1873, from the effects of a pistol-shot wound inflicted by Michael Finnell two days previously.

OTTO KECK.—1. The rules were about the same as those governing the competitors for the Astley belt. 2. O'Leary and Campana did not contend for that trophy.

A READER.—She did not, owing to domestic affliction. Miss Lizzie Rich supplied her place on April 8 and during the rest of the week.

WM. WARR, Philadelphia, Pa.—J. A. Williams, Columbus, O., is the secretary of the National Association, and he have sent your letter to him.

J. F., Pawtucket.—Let some manager hear you play, or get a chance to play for some benefit. 2. Possibly; but you should state that you are an amateur.

PHENIX, R. I.—B does not make a point in the game, although "game" may have fallen to him in the last hand. He is "skunked."

A. N. F., Richmond.—A letter will quickest reach him if addressed in care of this office. For route see dramatic summary.

J. W. S., Philadelphia.—She acted for some time in Baltimore, Md., and in some other cities, but never rose to any distinction.

ROB ROY, Rockford.—Ennis would have received the belt had he traveled a greater distance than any other contestant.

E. A. PHILLIPS, Salem.—There is a dispute about the matter, and until it is settled we cannot decide.

CLAN STEWART, Elizabeth.—Address to E. A. Phillips. 2. The distance you mention is not on record.

C. J., St. Louis.—The St. Louis Reds and Westernas of Keokuk, Ia., never belonged to the League.

E. S. H., Portland.—The errors in the National schedule were corrected last week.

LOWELL.—A wins. Heenan and King fought 24 rounds in 35 minutes.

BALTIMORE.—If you send your address we may be able to assist you.

REX, Easton.—You can get them of Ed. James, who advertises.

A. H. K., Athens.—Silas Baldwin, juggler, died in Harrisburg, Pa., June 3, 1867.

J. H.—1. He played several engagements in Tony Pastor's Theatre in the fall of 1877. 2. No.

GEO. CULLEN, Bloomington.—Chas. A. Harriman has walked 120 miles in 24h. 13m. 42s., in this city.

BOB.—See dialogue at the end of the Opera-house during this season, 1878-9.

QUAKER CITY.—Forepaugh's Circus began a season of six weeks in St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 7, 1878.

B. L., Pawtucket.—The bet should be decided by someone in Pawtucket who knows the man and the law.

CONSTANT READER, Williamsburg.—A player can order up at euchre without having a trump in his hand.

MAJOR, Albans.—Either player can call out as soon as he makes the needful point or game.

A. S. B., Hartford.—Our dramatic summary will inform you.

HOLLIE, St. Albans.—Cannot say where she now is. A letter addressed to her in our care should reach her.

OLD READER, West Meriden.—In 1, 2, 3, 2, there is run for the 3 only, in play.

PROF. D., Middleboro.—Yes; "give one, give all," if single-handed.

MCMEISTER, Reading.—Jim Mace never defeated Joe Coburn, their fight ending in a draw.

W. H. W., Fort Brady.—Thank you for the old bill of lading.

A. D. C.—They can do so if it be mutually agreed to as a condition of the match; not otherwise.

HARRY.—Ned Hogan's fight with Joe Goss published some time ago, and the paper is now out of print.

M. N., Fort Wayne.—Please read No. 6; also note those people who are billed, but do not appear.

IGNORANT JULK.—1. It makes a difference whether you see the bird or only read a notice. 2. One car will do.

J. R. B., Frostburg.—Miller the athlete died from burns in Cheshire, Eng., Dec. 16, 1847.

E. D.—1. The Great Republic was burned about Dec. 27, 1853. 2. The Hague-street explosion was on Feb. 4, 1850.

J. D., Chicago.—A can have two piles at once, but could not change his pile of "five" to "seven."

OLD SCRIBE.—B is out on game, which counts before sancho or pedro.

J. E. LOUCAS, Johnstown.—Jim Mace beat Tom Allen near New Orleans, La., in 1870.

L. E. HAYBARGER.—Bryan McSwyny, corner of Broadway and Canal street, can inform you.

L. E. HAYBARGER, Girard.—Ed. James, whose advertisement will be seen in another column.

E. J. SCOTT, Toronto.—1. No championship was conferred in that contest. 2. See "Ball Alphabet."

L. B., Philadelphia.—1. They would not be legitimate.

2. Thanks, but we have no present use for them.

J. KROHN, Boston.—Thanks for the being unmarred.

A. B. C., Indianapolis.—Sancho goes out before pedro.

VERITAS, Brooklyn.—A could so make it "sixes."

J. J. J., Richmond.—See Ball Alphabet.

W. J. CHAPPELLE.—One dollar and twenty cents.

MACHINIST.—The full hand beats a simple flush.

J. F. BOOLEY.—We have no record of it.

T. R., Shullsburg.—Six is high in poker-dice.

J. L.—Ace, king, queen and jack of trumps.

L. S. R.—The daughter is not known as Miss Flatty.—The player who called out.

SALEM, Mass.—B has made nothing.

A. M. C., Portage.—Ball's CLIPPER ALMANAC.

YANK, Baltimore.—Gree-ko.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALLAIRE, Captain John U.—One of the most popular steamboat captains of his day. He was the last of three brothers and five sisters, who died at ages ranging from 80 to 96 years—Shrewsbury, N. J., April 9, aged 80.

ARNDT, Johann Gottfried—A well-known German citizen of Newark, N. J., who had been obliged to fly from his native country on account of being concerned in the Revolution of 1848—Newark, N. J., March 11, aged 76.

BALDWIN, Henry—A well-known resident of Baltimore, Md., and president of the Electoral College of Maryland in 1864. He took an active part in effecting the abolition of slavery in Maryland—Baltimore, Md., April 11, aged 68.

BURNHAM, Alfred A.—An ex-Congressman from Connecticut, where he had served four terms in the State Legislature, and was lieutenant-governor in 1857—Windham, Ct., April 11, aged 60.

BURNS, Mrs. Susan—A centenarian—Portland, Me., April 13, aged 101.

BARTHOLOMEW, W. Valentine—An English artist who had won some celebrity as a flower-painter—London, Eng., March 29, aged 81.

BOYER, Lanson—A respected resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity—Brooklyn, N. Y., April 10, aged 68.

BARNES, Jacob T.—A well-known printer and publisher of St. John, N. B.—there, April 6, aged 65.

BOYKIN, Major Samuel H.—Secretary of the Land Office and Superintendent of Public Buildings of Virginia. He had been a member of the State Senate and of the House of Delegates—Richmond, Va., April 6, aged 46.

BECH, Karl—A German poet—Berlin, Germany, April 11.

CABLE, Charles Alanson—An attache of the United States Treasury Department, and a well-known brigade major. He was a musician of more than ordinary ability, and had filled the position of organist at St. Ann's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, E. D., for many years—Brooklyn, April 10.

COTTIER, Rev. John—A prominent local preacher of Brooklyn, N. Y., and identified with the National Local Preachers' Association, and a delegate to the general conference twice elected president—Brooklyn, N. Y., April 10, aged 70.

COGGESHALL, Joshua—A prominent resident of Middletown, R. I., where he was born and lived for over 80 years, and had also held other positions of trust—there, April 7, aged 91.

COOKS, Mrs. Eleanor—A centenarian—Ghent, N. Y., April 8, aged 103.

DAVIS, Shelton C.—Chief-clerk of the Virginia State Senate for the past twenty-six years—Richmond, Va., April 7, aged 61.

DE VILLEMESSANT, H.—A French journalist, the proprietor of *The Figaro*—Paris, France, April 12, aged 67.

EPPSTEIN, Mayer—Formerly a professor in the University at Necliegen, Germany, where he had served forty years—Long Branch, N. J., April 6, aged 80.

ELLIOTT, A. Foster—The Vice-consul of Brazil at New Orleans, La., and resident secretary of the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company. He was formerly a partner of Duncan, Sherman & Co., and conducted the business of the firm in New Orleans—there, April 10.

EDWARDS, Thomas—A pioneer of the Dunkirk Locomotive Works at Paterson, N. J. He came to Paterson from England in 1830, when a boy, and went to work in a cotton-mill. He died worth half a million—Paterson, N. J., April 7, aged 70.

FIELDER, James F.—A well-known resident of Jersey City, N. J., and engaged in most of the street improvements made in that city of late years—there, April 7, aged 62.

FOWLER, Dr. Edmund—A well-known physician of this city—here, April 10, aged 68.

FRANCES, Sister Jane—A Sister of Charity, who had had ministered for many years to sufferers in the hospitals in Baltimore, Md.—there, April 2, aged 58.

GARBETT, Rev. James—Archdeacon of Chichester, Eng., and formerly professor of poetry at the University of Oxford—Brighton, Eng., March 25, aged 77.

GEDDES, Colonel William—A retired officer of the British army—Edinburgh, Scotland, March 21, aged 88.

HAYS, Dr. Isaac—Editor of *The American Journal of Medical Sciences*. He is said to have been the oldest active editor in the United States, having been on the staff of the *Journal* for fifty-two years. He was born in Philadelphia July 5, 1796, and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1820. He was principally known as an ocularist. Though he practiced a little in other branches of medicine. He belonged to a great number of medical and art societies, being among the founders of more than a dozen of these, the oldest member of a dozen more, the chief officer of another dozen, and the surgeon or attending physician to several hospitals and colleges—Philadelphia, April 12, aged 82.

HORNER, Captain William S.—A prominent citizen of Monmouth County, N. J., a former member of the New Jersey Legislature, and State Pilot-commissioner since 1867—Matawan, N. J., April 13, aged 71.

HOMPSTON, Dr. Joseph Mansfield—A well-known physician of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had served as a brigade-surgeon in the late war—there, April 8, aged 50.

HARE, Thomas—An old merchant of Philadelphia, Pa.—Richmond, Va., April 6, aged 63.

HERSPERGER, S. S.—A wealthy Pittsburg ice-dealer, who was almost instantly killed by being caught on the shaft of an ice-making machine—Philadelphia, Pa., April 8, aged 39.

INNES, John A.—A prominent citizen of Easton, Pa., who had served two years in the State Legislature, and was chief clerk in the office of the Secretary of State under Governors Shunk and Packer—Easton, Pa., April 11, aged 71.

LYON, Gilbert S.—A prominent banker and business man of White Plains, N. Y., where he was for some years County-treasurer—Green Cove Springs, Fla., April 7, aged 57.

LAMPREY, Morris—One of the oldest and most prominent lawyers of St. Paul, Minn.—there, April 9.

METEYARD, Eliza—An English authoress—London, Eng., April 7, aged 56.

MCCARTHY, Cornelius—Village-clerk of New Brighton, Staten Island—there, April 6.

MCCLELLAND, Captain John—County-commissioner of Allegheny, Pa.—there, April 6.

NORTHEN, Rev. Theodore—Catholic chaplain of the Albany Penitentiary, and author of several religious works—Albany, N. Y., April 10, aged 60.

NORTHUP, Jeremiah—A senator of the Dominion Parliament—Halifax, N. S., April 10, aged 63.

NEUSS, Jacob—A centenarian—there, April 7, aged 103.

PANIZZI, Sir Anthony—Formerly Librarian of the British Museum, London, Eng. He was knighted in 1869 in recognition of his great services in the creation of the largest library in the world—London, Eng., April 8, aged dated April 9, aged 82.

PEARCE, Rev. Angelo—For many years prominently identified with the Grand Orient Order in Maryland, holding responsible positions—Howard County, Md., April 9, aged 63.

PALMER, William—An English author—London, Eng., April 12, aged 66.

PEARSALL, Denton W.—President of the Butchers and Drovers' Bank of this city—Westchester, N. Y., April 7, aged 67.

ROBINSON, Hamilton W.—Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of this city. He was counsel and referee in many important cases while in active practice—here, April 7, aged 64.

SIMPSON, William—For many years a principal pawnbroker of this city, in which business he had amassed a very large fortune—West Farms, N. Y., April 8, aged 66.

STRODTMANN, Adolph—A German author and well known for his excellent translations of German and Italian works of Tennyson, Shelley and others—Berlin, Germany, March 17.

TAYLOR, General Richard—The son of Zachary Taylor, tenth President of the United States, and brother-in-law of Jefferson Davis. He was born near Louisville, Ky., Jan. 27, 1826, and, graduating at Yale College in 1844, served in the Mexican War as a member of his father's staff, being present at the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey. During his father's brief period of service as President he remained with him in Washington, and thenceforward, until the breaking-out of the Civil War, in 1861, he lived as a sugar-planter in Louisiana, and then, joining the Confederate forces as a colonel of Louisiana volunteers, he rose successively to the rank of lieutenant-general. Since the war he has continued to reside in New Orleans, though much of his time has been spent in London and this city—here, April 12, aged 53.

TOWNSEND, Richard Hallett—A well-known citizen of Baltimore, where for many years he was the secretary of the Union Manufacturing Company of Maryland—Baltimore, Md., April 10, aged 78.

TILSON, John Wilson—A veteran of the War of 1812, in which he served with distinction, and one of the oldest Masons of this city—here, April 6, aged 86.

WOODFORD, Major-general Sir John—A British soldier, said to be the oldest of the surviving Waterloo officers—London, Eng., March 22, aged 97.

WILLIAMS, Colonel D. R.—Formerly connected with *The Lancaster Intelligencer*—Harrisburg, Pa., April 6, aged 50.

WICKS, Dr. Lemuel—One of the oldest physicians o Cleveland, O.—there, April 9.

YOUNG, Edward L.—One of the oldest citizens of Norfolk, Va. He commanded a privateer in the War of 1812. He had been a member of the Masonic order sixty-six years—Norfolk, Va., April 10, aged 97.

ATHLETIC.

THE UNITED STATES CHAMPIONSHIP.

When the trio of managers, Messrs. Samuells, O'Rorke and McCoy, announced their offer of a champion belt and money prizes for a six days' pedestrian contest, competitors to make the best of their way, the general impression was that the limited notice given before the closing of the entry list, the stipulation that only those contestants who succeeded in covering a distance of four hundred and twenty-five miles (in itself no indifferent performance under more favorable circumstances) would be entitled to a prize of any kind, and the fixing of the entrance-fee at $100, would have the effect of confining the competition to at the most a dozen ambitious pedestrians. The sequel has proven the fallacy of this belief, however, for, despite the facts stated, and the disinclination of the majority of the daily press to give to the affair that prominence and aid to which its importance fairly entitled it, when the conditions governing the competition were fully made known in our columns the entries swelled from six, received up to noon of Tuesday, April 1, to the unexpectedly large number of forty when the hour of closing, 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, April 12, arrived. This was beyond all calculation; and had the committee, Messrs. Wood, Mitchell and Hart, not be assumed that the managers would have deemed it advisable to have placed a limit to the number of starters; but a field of even twenty was not dreamed of, and they considered a limitation unnecessary. The consequence is that the members of the New York Athletic Club, who kindly consented to take entire charge of the scoring and timekeeping, find their duties, at least during the first stage of the contest, more onerous than they had reason to anticipate, and the management have found it necessary to make considerable alteration in their plans. The great majority of those who started in the race are, to all intents and purposes, unknown quantities, having never before appeared in public long-distance competitions, and no one having any record for an extraordinary performance; still some of them have done sufficiently well to warrant the expectation that they will make a very creditable appearance, and the fact that it may be that the contest will bring to the front one or more exceptionally good men among those who are now dark horses, so to speak. One hundred dollars were paid into our hands by or for every man of the forty and more who started, and we believe that in these troublous financial times but very few of the number would put down that amount unless they had good reason to believe themselves capable of doing a fine performance. For this reason the result of the contest, as we see Saturday night next tell a tale different from that which some people, basing their opinions mainly upon the want of experience on the part of the majority of the contestants, prophesied would be the result. We shall be much to see this week's trial develop at least one man fully able to cope with any other on either side of the Atlantic, although, in view of the brief period allowed for preparation, this is perhaps too much to hope for. Some have undertaken the task with a view to gaining knowledge in the school of experience which may prove of practical benefit to them future similar occasions; but there is no doubt that the great majority have that confidence in their powers to lead them to hope to come out of the struggle prize-winners. Whoever of them do win will be sure to receive the prizes to which they have become entitled, and there is no question that to the certainty of this fact is due the unusually unexceptionedly numerous list of entries for such a competition. Underneath we present the names of the candidates for privations, pains and pedestrianic profit, with interesting information in regard to each.

JOHN HUGHES, born at Gloucester, Canada, Nov. 30, 1858, reaches an altitude of 5ft. 6in., and weighs 128lb. For four years past he has been before the public as a pedestrian of more than local note, some of his performances having been done in the Dominion, and chiefly at the games of Caledonian societies, he being generally successful. He has also been a contestant in New York, and easily carried off the mile and two-mile runs at the annual games of the N. Y. Caledonian Club at Jones' Wood. His most creditable performance was that of defeating Peter Duffy, of Brooklyn, in a walking match at Gilmore's, where he, on March 22 last, was beaten by J. Simpson, Norman Taylor, and other five in a ten-mile race, the latter covering the eight miles, and on April 3 engaged with Taylor, D. C. Ross and one or two more in a twenty-mile run, which Taylor won. Hughes, it is said, has entered into this race with the understanding that he was to go but ten miles, which distance he accomplished ahead of all others, in 1h. 3m. 3s., and after keeping on for more than a mile further by the direction of friends he has been residing in this city. He is looked after by F. M. Wilcox and another.

THE MICHAEL J. BYRNE of Buffalo, N. Y., was born at Enniscorty, County Wexford, Ireland, April 23, 1851, stands 5ft. 8¼in., and weighs 152lb. He has resided in Buffalo for a number of years, during the latter of which he has been an oarsman, his skill in the manipulation of the blades enabling him to rise to the position of champion amateur sculler of that city by defeating Peter Hart and Hart in the Spring of 1878, and in May he attempted to imitate the example of John Ennis at the same place by walking 400 miles inside of 128 hours. He was reported to have gone the full distance at the Skating-rink; but, as he received assistance, perhaps without requiring it, during a brief portion of the time, and that he was not timed by a judge could not be accepted as a record. Some persons assert, too, that he did not travel the distance claimed, alleging that the scoring-sheet was not properly kept, but we have no positive knowledge. He has engaged in several contests of minor importance in Buffalo. His attendants are Al. Underhill and Joseph Wilson.

JOHN HUGHES, alias "The Greenhorn," was born at Rosgray, County Tipperary, Ireland, June 21, 1860, stands 5ft. 7in., in his stocking-feet, and weighs 150lb. in good condition. He arrived in New York July 19, 1869, and for years resided in Harlem and vicinity, where he became known as a runner and occasionally matched with Pat Fitzgerald, alias "Johnny Wild," and others. His most memorable public performance was that made against Daniel O'Leary in the six days' contest for the belt presented by Sir John Astley, the race coming off at Gilmore's Garden Sept. 30 to Oct. 5, 1878, and Leary winning with a total score of 403 miles, while Hughes covered but 310 miles. The latter complained of bad treatment, attributing his poor performance to that and an attack of rheumatism in the legs combined. His attendants are his wife and Jos. Burgoyne.

JOHN W. GOODWIN is a native of New York City, where he was born in 1858, stands 5ft. 6in., and weighs 125lb. He first became known to the public as a representative of the American Athletic Club in amateur walking contests, repeatedly winning, and on one occasion, in 1877, being rated the best walker in that organization for any distance above a mile. He joined the professional ranks during the latter part of that year, and made his debut in a match against Geo. J. Law, the latter to walk, while Goodwin was allowed to go as he pleased. It was decided at Bellamy's Hall, Broadway, corner of Prince street, on the 175 miles 8 laps (22 to the mile) in 72h. 35m. 10s. On Jan. 29 to Feb. 1 last he was a principal in a 75-hour go-as-you-please match with Peter Crossland, at Gilmore's Garden, which he won, covering 216 miles 5 laps in 75h. 52m. 10s. He is attended by Thos. E. Goodwin and others.

WM. O. ENNIS, a native of Ireland, was born at Mitchelltown, Cork, Ireland, in May, 1853, is 5ft. 8in. in height, and scales 142lb. His first attempt at distance-walking (or anywhere public performance) was made at Gilmore's, when made in August, 1877, at the Newark (N. J.) Rink, when he was returned as walking 420 miles in six days. His other noteworthy performances are the go-as-you-please at Institute Building, this city, in 1878. Entering for the 36-hour professional walk May 10, 11, he finished third, with a record of 100 miles 1 lap; Fitzgerald, 101 miles 2 laps, and Geo. Guyon was second. June 6, 7, 8, he was a contestant in the 48 hour walk at the same place, and got second money, with 161 miles 6 laps. On the 46h. 23m. 28s. Geo. Guyon was first and John Ennis third.

PETER J. PACHOT of Buffalo, N. Y., was born there Dec. 4, 1842, is 5ft. 8in. in height and weighs 150lb. Early imbued with a desire for pedestrian honors less than a year ago, the performances of John Ennis in the Lake City aroused the ambition of the gentleman in question. So far he has not done anything extraordinary, his most notable performances being his defeat of W. Hoffman over a distance-race at Buffalo, and his victory over Chas. Walker, at Buffalo, in January last, and his victory over Cy. Walker, fifty miles, $200, Buffalo, March 24, his time being given as 9h. 25m. 30s. His attendants are Timothy D. Mernan and R. C. Rose.

FRANK E. LKONARDSON of New York City is a Buckeye boy, having been born at Toledo, O., March 22, 1855; he stands 5ft. 7½in., and weighs about 150lb. At first he was as a member of the Scottish-American Athletic Club of this city that he first became known to the admirers of manly sports, for, previous to that, he had taken part in walking races at the meetings of that and sister clubs. In the Summer of last year he left the amateur lists, and under the auspices of Frank Hart, of Brooklyn, he engaged in several short and medium distance walks in this State, New Jersey, and New England, none of them being of importance.

HARRY HOWARD is an Englishman, and was born at Bury, in Lancashire, Feb. 24, 1850, stands 5ft. 6in. in his stocking-feet, and for some years he has resided at Glen Cove, L. I., and became known outside thereof in the Summer of 1874, when he was the successful contestant in a Rochdale walking-match, and on the conclusion of which at the Hippodrome, now Gilmore's Garden, defeating F. Steinbach and A. W. Rennie. Since then he has taken part in several walking contests, and on Jan. 6, 1877, he managed to walk 450 miles in six days at Mozart Garden, Brooklyn. He was returned as doing 411. His attendants are Jos. Thompson and another.

STEPHEN BRODIE, the youngest of the contestants by years, was born in New York City in 1862, and weighs 129 pounds. His ambition is that of a newsboy until he became a victim of the walking craze. His first pedestrian effort was made at the Newsboys' Lodging House, this city, Feb. 14, 15, last, when he was stated to have covered a distance of 90 miles in 23h. 20m. Since then he has taken considerable practice in walking exercise, and given several exhibitions of his ability. He is looked after by his brother and a friend.

THOS. NODEN of Brooklyn was born in Staffordshire, Eng., July 28, 1837, stands 5ft. 3in. in height, and scales 116lb. In his youth he received instruction in pedestrianism from Dick Manks, the "Warwickshire Antelope," and engaged in several minor events; but, until a few months past, did not, during his long residence in America, make his appearance as a public performer. On Feb. 14, 15, last he had a 100-mile trial at Lexington Hall, Williamsburg, L. I., and walked the distance in 23h. 35m. 23s. on a 33-lap track. He will be cared for by W. H. Dix, E. E. Joslin, C. J. Davenport, Clinton Scott and Dr. Emery.

A. B. SPRAGUE of New York was born at Grand Centre, N. Y., May 17, 1845, stands 5ft. 11½in. in height, and weighs 150lb. He has resided the greater part of his life in the West, and has been before the public since 1874, being best known in and around Chicago, where he has engaged in a number of wheel-matches. On Saturday night last he appeared at Gilmore's Garden, this city, in a twenty-mile race with Norman Taylor; but was out of fix, and made a poor fist at it, giving up after going over— miles. He is looked after by Alfred Sulzer and another.

JAMES MAHONY of Norwich, Ct., was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in December, 1852, stands 5ft. 7in., and weighs about 135lb. He has given several local exhibition walks within the past year or so, the more important of which was a one-hundred-hour match with George J. Law. It took place in a hall in Norwich a couple of months ago, and Mahony won, the scorers crediting him with doing 310 miles in the 100 hours. He also walked 97 miles in 24 hours on the 6, 7. His attendants are Phil Burns and Mulholland.

WM. H. DETCHER of Leo, Mass., was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 20, 1853, stands about 5ft. 7in., and weighs close upon 150lb. He has been before the public as a pedestrian for several years, appearing in short, medium and long-distance exhibition-hour and prize contests, generally in the neighborhood of his native place. For sometime past he has resided in Massachusetts, and was stated to have walked 175 miles in 47h. 30m. at North Adams ending March 8 last.

WILLIAM FLITCROFT of Newark, N. J., is a Briton, and hails from Cheshire, Eng., where he was born on Aug. 8, 1847; his height is 5ft. 3¾in., and he is a light-weight, scaling but 115lb. On Dec. 26, 27, 28, 1878, at Machinery Hall, Newark, he ran, in 3-mile heats, and won, the distance, 100 miles in 46 hours 20min. The first prize was an $80 watch. He had previously done some work on pedestrian tracks, but never before attempted a long-distance performance. He is looked after by Thos. Brackin, James McMahon and Smith.

GEORGE HARRISON of Brooklyn, N. Y., was born in Killyburn, Derry, Ireland, April 29, 1846, is 5ft. 8¾in. in height, and weighs 155lb. He first became known in the pedestrian world when he defeated Frank Hart, of Brooklyn, a match with William Lockie of the Hudson County Caledonian Club, at Cooper Hall, Jersey City, Feb. 10 to 15 last. Lockie quit on 530th mile, and Harrison took things easy afterwards, contenting himself with a score of 540 miles.

EDWARD KENNAVEN was born in the once-besieged city of Limerick, Ireland, in 1841, stands 5ft. 6in. in his stockings, and weighs about 150lb. He has no record, but thinks he can make a good one. His attendants are Warry Edwards and Ed. McCarty.

WILLIAM H. DAVIS of this city was born here April 21, 1848, stands 5ft. 7in., and scales about 130lb. in fix. He is now giving himself his first trial as a public pedestrian.

SAMUEL MERRITT of Bridgeport, Ct., was born at Havana, Schuyler County, N. Y., March 4, 1836, stands 5ft. 10in. in height, and weighs about 150lb. He is alleged to have accomplished 400½ miles in a six days' tournament for the State championship, on a twenty-four-lap track, at Lyceum Hall, Bridgeport, Ct., Feb. 3 to 8 last. He is rememb

A LETTER received from Alfred Marsh of the St. George Club, who is now in Ireland, speaks very promisingly of the organization of an Irish gentleman's team for a trip to the United States and Canada.

LORD HARRIS' ENGLISH TEAM is expected to arrive shortly at San Francisco, Cal., stopping there a week, and then coming Eastward.

THE ST. GEORGE CLUB will have their opening game at Hoboken on May 3.

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

April 15, Baltimore vs. Worcester, at Baltimore.
April 15, Atlantic vs. Field, at Union Ground, Brooklyn.
April 16, Defiance vs. Holyoke, at Philadelphia.
April 16, Baltimore vs. Worcester, at Baltimore.
April 16, Harvard vs. Beacon, at Cambridge.
April 16, Polytechnic vs. Field, at Prospect Park.
April 17, Philadelphia vs. Worcester, at Philadelphia.
April 17, Defiance vs. Holyoke, at Philadelphia.
April 18, Atlantic vs. Worcester, at Union Gr., Brooklyn.
April 18, Baltimore vs. Holyoke, at Baltimore.
April 19, Princeton vs. Defiance, at Princeton.
April 19, Yale vs. Worcester, at New Haven.
April 19, Albany vs. Utica, at Albany.
April 19, National vs. Holyoke, at Washington.
April 19, Atlantic vs. Field, at Union Ground, Brooklyn.
April 19, Nameless vs. Field, at Prospect Park.
April 19, Polytechnic vs. Field, at Prospect Park.

April 19, Manhattan Club Opening Game, at Prospect Park.

THE NEW ATLANTIC CLUB.

Manager Chapman played two nines together in a match on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, April 14, in order to make a selection of players from which to make up his new Atlantic team. Owing to rain in the morning, the attendance of players was not large, and a second game will be played on Tuesday, 15. The nine against which a field side will play on Tuesday, will be Thompson, Schenck, McCabe, Schaffer, Kessler, Knowedell, Barrett, Holdsworth and Gormley. The game of 14 was the best of the season so far, and the quickest played, though no bound catches were allowed. The prize ball was won by Buchanan, whose fine fielding at short-stop was a feature of the game. Excellent catches were made by Lawlor, Barrett, Anderson and Knowdell. Lawlor led at the bat. The score is appended, giving the chances offered and accepted from the bat:

CRAMER'S SIDE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	THOMPS'N'S SIDE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
Cramer, c	4	0	1	10	10		Thompson, c	4	0	0	9	9
Gormly, p	4	0	1	1	1		O'Neil, p	4	0	2	1	1
McCabe, 1st b	4	0	1	12	12		Crane, 1st b	4	0	1	8	0
Hayes, 2d b	4	0	0	2	7		Schaffer, 2d b	4	0	0	4	3
Butts, 3d b	4	0	0	2	2		Kessler, 3d b	4	0	1	5	3
Buchanan, s. s.	4	0	0	5	5		Knowdell, s. s.	4	0	0	1	9
Lawlor, l. f.	4	2	2	1	1		Barrett, l. f.	4	0	2	3	3
McKee, c. f.	3	2	1	1	1		Holdsworth, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Rowan, r. f.	3	0	2	1	1		Anderson, r. f.	4	0	0	1	1
Totals	34	3	9	40	48		Totals	36	0	5	40	37

Cramer's Side	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0			0—3
Thompson's Side	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			0—0

First base by errors—Cramer's, 1; Thompson's, 3. Earned runs—Cramer's, 1; Thompson's, 0. Umpire, Mr. Chapman of the Atlantic Club. Time, 1h. 40m.

SPRINGFIELD vs. YALE COLLEGE.

The game at New Haven April 11 between the above nines was the first played by both; and although the day was a miserable one, the playing was generally good, and at times brilliant. Lamb's pitching proved very effective, as shown by the fact that the Springfields had not made a base-hit up to the seventh inning. The opening inning yielded a run to the Springfields on five fielding errors, and the Yales offset this the next inning by making a run on two base-hits and a low throw to second base. From this point up to the seventh inning neither side scored anything, and the Springfields, then, by some lively hitting added three more runs, two of which were earned by five clean hits. The game was called on account of darkness, after the Springfields had made two runs in the eighth inning with none out. Baker had the second finger of his right hand badly hurt in the eighth inning, and Powers caught the rest of the inning. Baker's injury will prevent him from playing for two or three weeks. Yale excelled at the bat, while Springfield proved much superior in the field. The correct score follows:

SPRINGF'LD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	YALE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cassidy, r. f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	H'chins'n, s. s	3	0	0	0	3	0
G'dsmith, 1b	4	1	1	3	1	0	0	Parker, 3d b	3	0	1	1	1	1
Pike, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	Lamb, p.	3	0	0	1	9	3
Corcoran, p.	3	0	0	1	1	9	1	Walden, 2d b.	3	0	1	0	1	1
Ferguson, s. s	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	Hopkins, 1b.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Smith, 3d b	3	0	1	0	2	0	0	Camp, l. f.	3	0	0	1	1	1
O'Leary, l. f.	3	1	1	1	1	0	0	Wilson, c. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Crane, 2d b.	3	1	1	1	4	0	0	Watson, c.	2	0	0	2	0	2
Baker c.	3	0	0	9	5	1	1	Ripley, r. f.	2	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	29	4	5	21	15	2		Totals	25	1	5	21	19	11

Springfield	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	0			3—4
Yale	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1			0—1

First base by errors—Springfield, 4; Yale, 2. Earned runs—Springfield, 2. Two-base hit—Watson, 1. Strikes called—on Corcoran, 18. Struck at and missed—on Corcoran, 18. Strikes called—on Lamb, 19. Struck at and missed—on Lamb, 21. Umpire, W. E. Horton. Time, 2h. 15m.

PROVIDENCE vs. BROWN UNIVERSITY.

Last week the Springfield nine found it difficult to defeat the Yale nine by 4 to 1; the Holyokes beat them by but 14 to 10; but the New Bedfords got away with the new Harvard nine to the sad tune of 25 to 2. At Providence, the same day, April 12, the Providence League nine played the Brown University nine, and the Collegians managed to make a good single-figure game out of it, as will be seen by the appended score. Judging by this week's play, the Browns ought to be able to give the new Harvard team a good fight. The weather on Saturday was too cold for good field-work, and the large error column is therefore excusable in games played on that day. Richmond, the college pitcher, proved himself a troublesome customer in the position. The score:

PROVID'CE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BR'N UN'Y.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
O'Rourke, c. f.	5	1	2	2	0	0	Hovey, c. f.	4	1	2	1	0	1
Start, 1st b.	5	0	0	15	0	0	Meader, r. f.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Hines, r. f.	5	1	2	0	0	0	White, 1st b.	4	0	0	10	0	0
Brown, c.	5	0	0	7	2	2	Winslow, s. s.	4	0	1	2	2	5
McGeary, 2b.	5	1	2	2	3	1	Greene, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Wright, s. s.	5	2	2	0	2	0	Rose, s. s.	4	0	0	1	3	2
Ward, p.	4	2	2	1	12	0	Waterm'n, 3b	3	0	0	1	2	2
York, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	1	Ladd, 2d b.	3	1	1	3	3	3
Hague, 3d b.	4	1	2	1	1	0	Richmond, p	3	0	0	1	10	2
Totals	42	9	14	27	18	4	Totals	33	3	6	27	21	16

Providence	0	3	0	2	0	2	1	0	1				9	
Brown Univ'ty	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2				3	

Earned runs—Providence, 2; Brown University, 2. First base on errors—Providence, 4; Brown University, 2. Struck out—Hovey, White, Winslow, Ladd, Hines, Wright (2), York (2), Rose (2). Balls called—on Ward, 107; on Richmond, 78. Strikes called—off Ward, 34; off Richmond, 20. Passed balls—Brown, 1; Winslow, 2. Wild pitches—Richmond, 1. Umpire, L. R. Hill of Wanskucks. Time, 1h. 30m.

THE NATIONALS IN THE FIELD.

The Nationals of Washington, under Manager Hollingshead, began their first campaign as a National Association club on April 12, when they played the visiting Boston-Baltimore nine on the National Grounds. The weather was unpropitious, and the attendance therefore rather limited compared to some fine work with the ash. Storey played brilliantly for the home team, and Whitney, Mutrie, Knight and Bennett for the Worcesters. The score:

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	N. BEDFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.	5	0	2	3	2	2	Storey, 1st b	4	1	1	13	0	0
Benners, l. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0	Conners, c.	5	2	1	5	0	6
Bennett, c. f.	5	3	3	2	4	0	0	Muldoon, 3b	5	2	1	0	4	1
Knight, r. f.	5	1	3	2	2	1	Wright, s. s.	5	2	1	0	4	4
Whitney, 3b.	5	2	1	2	3	0	Piggott, c. f.	5	0	1	3	1	0
Bushong, c.	5	3	1	6	3	2	Briody, 2d b.	5	0	1	1	2	1
Weaver, 1b.	5	0	2	7	0	3	Reipp, r. f.	5	0	0	1	1	0
Nichols, p.	5	0	3	0	4	4	Kent, p.	5	0	0	0	5	1
Mutrie, s. s.	5	0	0	2	3	0	Stone, l. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Totals	44	13	15	27	17	12	Totals	41	8	7	27	18	13

Worcester	5	0	2	0	3	2	1	0	0	1—13
New Bedford	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	0	0	2— 8

Runs earned—Worcester, 5; New Bedford, 0. First base on errors—Worcester, 4; New Bedford, 9. Strikes—on Kent, 11; Nichols, 12. Two-base hits—Bennett, Knight, Weaver, Bushong. Umpire, Edmund Wood.

THE HARVARDS IN THE FIELD.

The new nine of Harvard does not "pan out" very well this season, if we are to judge by their work of Saturday, April 12, when they were "Waterloo'd" by the New Bedford nine after the latter had been whipped by the Worcesters by 13 to 8. The New Bedford team led off with a score of 4 to 0, and in their second inning scored no fewer than 10 runs. The Harvards only secured two singles in the entire game. The new hard ball used up Winsor as catcher after five innings' play, Delano taking his place. The score:

N. BED'RD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	HARVARD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Storey, 1st b.	7	3	3	9	0	2	Nason, s. s.	4	1	1	2	4	2
O'Connor, c.	7	1	0	14	1	1	Coolidge, 2b.	4	0	0	1	3	3
Muldoon, 3b.	6	3	2	0	2	0	Folsom, p.	4	0	1	1	8	3
Wright, s. s.	6	3	2	1	4	1	Winsor, c. f., c.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Piggott, c. f.	6	4	2	0	0	0	Howe, l. f.	4	0	3	0	0	1
Briody, 2d b.	6	3	3	2	2	0	Dalzell, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Reipp, r. f.	6	1	0	1	0	0	Harding, 1b.	4	0	0	9	0	3
Kent, p.	6	3	3	1	1	4	1	Cohen, 2d b.	3	0	0	3	0	0
Stone, l. f.	6	2	0	0	0	0	Delano, c., c. f.	3	0	0	6	0	19
Totals	56	25	16	27	23	5	Totals	34	2	5	27	15	39

New Bedford	4	10	1	0	5	1	1	0	3	—25
Harvard	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	—2

Earned runs—New Bedford, 4. First base on balls—Storey, Muldoon. First base on errors—New Bedford, 10; Harvard, 3. Struck out—Storey, O'Connor (2); Muldoon (2), Coolidge, Winsor (3), Howe, Dalzell (4), Cohen (2). Strikes called—Kent, 38; Folsom, 38. Passed balls—O'Connor, 1; Delano, 18; Winsor, 6. Wild pitches—Folsom, 3. Umpire, Chas. A. Davis, New Bedford. Time, 2h. 10m.

THE LEAGUE CLUBS.

A Boston baseball statistician figures up the relative strength of the eight League teams as follows:

	Playing	Batting.	Fielding.	Strength.	Running.	Totals.
Boston		2	3	2	1	8
Buffalo		8	1	4	4	17
Chicago		1	7	5	6	19
Cincinnati		6	4	1	1	12
Cleveland		5	4	8	8	25
Providence		4	2	3	3	12
Syracuse		6	6	9	1	22
Troy		7	8	7	7	29

According to this table Boston stands first, Providence second, Cincinnati third, Buffalo fourth, Chicago fifth, Syracuse sixth, Cleveland seventh, and Troy eighth.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

The co-operative teams belonging to this Association for 1879 are as follows:

Athletics of Boston—Murphy, p.; Maguire, c.; Flint, 1st b.; Lynch, 2d b.; Irwin, 3d b.; Finnerty, s. s.; Foye, l. f.; Gerrish, r. f.; Hoiner, c. f.; Carroll, Rhodes, Magee, and Wilmr, substitutes.

Beacons of Boston—Tyng, p.; Warren, c.; Welsh, 1st b.; Sawyer, 2d b.; Lloyd, 3d b.; Bigelow, s. s.; Ferris, l. f.; Campbell, c. f.; Alger, r. f.

Brocktons of Brockton—Hallett, p.; Hartwell, 1st b.; F. Whitney, l. f.; G. Whitney, c. f.; Howard, r. f.; Hayes, substitute.

Maidens of Malden—Fowler, p.; Brown, c.; Melville, 1st b.; McCarthy, 2d b.; O'Neil, 3d b.; Anthes, s. s.; Sullivan, l. f.; Karlbeck, c. f.; Merrill, r. f.

Olympics of Campello—Collis, p.; Fullerton, 1b.; Eldridge, 2d b.; H. Whittier, 3d b.; Bates, s. s.; G. Whittier, l. f.; Thayer, c. f.; Madigan, r. f.

Gen. Hancocks of Stoneham—Welch, p.; Dwyer, c.; Farrar, 1st b.; Annis, 2d b.; Latham, 3d b.; Simonds, s. s.; White, l. f.; Corcoran, c. f.; McCall, r. f.

King Phillips of Swansea—Hines, p.; Wheeler, c.; Shaw, 1st b.; Thompson, 2d b.; Torrey, 3d b.; Douglass, l. f.; Beal, c. f.; Copelin, r. f.; Wheeler, Madigan, Carey and Mitchell, substitutes.

Citations of Clinton—Gardner, p.; Gilligan, c.; Sweeney, 1st b.; Cronin, 2d b.; Gaffney, 3d b.; Dignan, s. s.; Keefe, l. f.; Quinn, c. f.; Shattuck, r. f.

LATER BASEBALL NOTES.

Driscoll, the pitcher of the Holyokes of 1878, has been engaged to play right-field and change-pitcher for the Albanys, who will be uniformed this season as follows: White shirt, cap and pants, with blue trimmings, and blue stockings. Their ground will be put in condition this week, in expectation for the opening game, April 19, with the Uticas.....Work is progressing favorably on the ground of the Capital City Club. Fifty men have been employed during the past week, and it is confidently expected that the field will be completed by April 21, when the Capital Citys play the Uticas, the former being uniformed in a white suit with brown stockings and trimmings.....The Holyokes commenced their Southern tour April 11 by defeating the Monitors of Waterbury, Ct., by a score of 25 to 11.....The ground at Springfield, Mass., is as yet in an unsettled condition, and will not admit of any games for at least a week. The erection of the seats is being rapidly pushed to completion. The Springfield opening game, on a cold, rainy day, with but little previous practice together, has convinced their friends that they will have a successful season under the direction of Captain Ferguson.....The Defiances of Philadelphia have adopted the following uniform: Light gray shirts, caps and pants, with red trimmings, and stockings and belt. The nine includes Beasley, catcher; Lomas, pitcher; Householder, first-base; Barber, second-base; Wiley, third-base; Firth, short-stop; Slater, left-field; Landis, centre-field; McCartney, right-field and change-catcher. The Defiances have the finest ground and grand stand, adjoining that of the Athletics, but it is probable that he will go to either Tioga or Davenport.....A ball-field is to be laid out on Coney Island for the use of visiting nines.....The Buffalo Baseball Association have perfected arrangements to use the rooms formerly occupied by the Franklin Club, on Pearl, near Erie street, Buffalo. The club-house will be fitted up in good style, and the nine are to report there every day at stated hours, and the directors will have their meetings in one of the rooms. A large bulletin-board will now ready to farrange games with all clubs visiting this city. All communications should be addressed to Richard Rourke, 125 Varick street, New York.

AQUATIC.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION.

The following cablegrams, received in Toronto, Ont., give some information in regard to the practice of Edward Hanlan in England. The first is dated April 8, and is to *The Globe*, reading as follows: "Edward Hanlan, the Canadian sculler, is in the best of health. He is rowing as well as he has ever done in his life. He is full of quiet courage. Davis and Ward arrived in Liverpool today, and proceeded to Manchester, where they will be the guests of Col. Shaw for a few days, after which they will go to Newcastle. The other is to *The Mail:* "The weather was not altogether favorable to rowing to-day, the wind blowing and rain occasionally falling, but still both Hanlan and his rival were out for their usual exercise. In the morning the Canadian, who got afloat a little before 11 o'clock, did some very quick rowing, to the great admiration of the throngs who, all day long, hang about the riverbanks and in the neighborhood of the boat-house. The greater part of the public interest seems centred in the stranger, Hawdon coming in comparatively for very little attention. He, however, sticks to his work, and if he gains but few friends, certainly loses none. To-day the pair met on the river, but they were both rowing easily and made no effort to brush. In the afternoon the new shell built by Judge Elliott of Greenpoint, N. Y., on purpose for this race, arrived at Scotswood. It was in a stout packing-case, which Heasley said would not be opened until shortly before the match. Should the resolution be adhered to, it will be a couple or three weeks yet before the public will be able to judge of the merits of the craft, about which some interest is felt, as it will be the first time a race was ever rowed in England in a foreign-built boat—that is, if Hanlan should row in her on the 5th prox., and of course, if she should not sink, she will not be used. The bringing of a boat at all to England is a great innovation, and our makers look and criticise very jealously the Elliott boats in which Hanlan practices, and which he brought with him."

"MUH-HE-KA-NE-OK" is the name selected for the new club recently organized in Troy, N. Y. The name is of Indian origin, signifying "the people of the ever-flowing waters."

THE NAUTILUS BOAT CLUB of Reading, Pa., have gone into practice on the Schuylkill River at that point with the following crew: McKnight (stroke), Seyfert, Hayman, McIlvain (bow and captain). They have made application for admission in the Schuylkill Navy, and, should their application meet with unfavorable treatment, it is the intention of the Nautilus crew to challenge the winning crew of the June regatta of the Philadelphia Schuylkill Navy. Arrangements have also been completed for sending the crew to participate in the regatta at Saratoga; and as the crew have been in training more or less through the Winter, and have done considerable work upon a rowing machine, their friends expect them to make a creditable showing.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Cleveland Yachting Association, held in that city on the evening of April 5, the following officers were elected: Commodore, George W. Gardner; vice-commodore, F. R. Merchant; rear-commodore, William Shipman; secretary, W. T. Francis; treasurer, H. G. Phelps; measurer, Henry Gerlach; executive and regatta committee, Frank H. Sinead (chairman), Robert E. Gill, William Gerlach, R. D. Hall and Bernard Lyman. The secretary was instructed by the commodore to correspond immediately with sister associations in relation to place and time of holding future annual regattas and fixing upon a uniform classification of yachts, etc.

HARVARD AND COLUMBIA.—At a conference held in New London, Ct., April 12, between the freshmen representatives of Harvard and Columbia Colleges, it was decided that the freshmen race should be rowed on the Thames River, at New London, at 6 P. M. June 30. The race to be over the three-mile course, straightaway, with eight oars and coxswains, and the conditions to be the same as in the Yale-Harvard University race. Arrangement of details of the race has been left to a committee of citizens. Harvard was represented by Messrs. Goddard and Bartlett, Columbia by Messrs. Webb and Eldridge.

JUDGE ELLIOTT is building a shell for Warren Smith of Halifax, N. S.

THE SCUNKEAG BOAT CLUB of Salem, Mass., has been disbanded

THE TRIGGER.

LONG-RANGE SHOOTING for the season of 1879 was inaugurated at Walnut-hill range, near Boston, Mass., April 9, the occasion being the initial competition in the long-range-class match at 800, 900, 1,000 yards, for $350 in prizes. This match is open to all, and there will be twenty regular competitions, in which each contestant shoots fifteen charges at each range. Result of first trial: J. S. Sumner, 72, 88, 86—306; J. F. Jones, 84, 94—291; H. Wells, 70, 65, 58—193; W. C. Howard, 71, 63, 57—191; W. M. Ward, 65, 64, 54—183; S. Lewis, 52, 59, 55—166; J. H. Wilkinson, 59, 51, 49—159.

THE FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB held their twelfth monthly shoot at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Driving Park April 15, every man to shoot at seven birds, handicap rise, 80 yards boundary. The result follows: A. Carlin (21 yards rise), 7; J. T. Slane (23), O'Connor (23), and Kearney (27), 6 each; Dr. Ferehland (21) and Gowenhoven (27), 5 each. Referee, Mr. Skidmore.

THE CHAMPION TROPHY of the Brooklyn Gun Club was on April 15 won for the third and last time by G. F. Gildersleeve, who, standing at 23½ yards, with a boundary of 80 yards, killed 9 out of 10 shot at. Thos. Broadway (23½) was next with 8, Kingsland (22), Creed (21), Wynne (25), and Martin (21) each dropping 7. Referee, Mr. Reed.

MEMBERS of the Larned (Kan.) Sporting Club shot at glass balls on April 4. Each man fired at fifteen balls, 21 yards rise, and J. B. Gelham won with a score of 14, G. Bowman and J. B. Morris following with 13, C. Noble, J. L. Miner and K. R. Dudley breaking 12 apiece, H. W. Hordlson and John Harrah 11, C. Cooper 10, and C. Smith 9.

DR. W. F. CARVER has been accorded the honor of shooting "before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, by command." At least this intelligence is made known by the Doctor in a special cablegram to *The Herald*.

THE TURF.

THE NEW ORLEANS MEETING.

The Spring meeting of the reorganized Louisiana Jockey Club began at New Orleans April 12 with good weather and track, but with a light attendance. The first race was one of mile heats, over four hurdles, with Verdigris (146lb), Cannon (147), and Jim Hinton (143), as starters. Verdigris was the favorite over the field, with Cannon second choice. The favorite won easily in two heats—the first in 1:59¼, the second in 1:56. Jim Hinton finished second in the second heat, and took second money. The second race was for the Pickwick Stakes, mile heats, for three-year-olds. It had closed with six subscribers, but only Cottrill's Buckshot, Barnes & West's Gabriel and Spencer & Brien's Sam Eckers started. Gabriel was the favorite, selling for $25 to Buckshot and Sam Eckers at $20 each. The race was an easy one for Gabriel, who won the first heat in 1:47 and the second in 1:47¾. the Alabama colt Buckshot running second in both heats. The third race was a dash of two miles, for which Billy Lakeland's horse Judge Hancock was the favorite, with Essilah second choice. The race was a sharp one, and was won by Essilah by half a length in 3:39¾, the favorite second, followed by Kingsland, Blue Gown, Ella Rowett, Le Roi and Willie H. in the order named.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—Judge Wallace of the United States District Court, Buffalo, N. Y., on April 12 decided the case of the United States against the Buffalo Driving Park in favor of the defendants. The suit was brought for the recovery of 2 per cent. of the gate receipts, under section 108, chapter 173, laws of 1864. This is considered a test case and of interest to all similar associations.

D. ALLEN'S pony Miss Lydia trotted sixteen miles in harness against time (one hour) for £100 a side March 18, on the turnpike road from Newmarket to Little Bury, Eng. The pony won, doing the task in 56m. 35⅘s.

SILAS RICH, some years ago prominent among the first trotters on the American turf, died at San Antonio, Texas, April 10. He was a chestnut gelding by Young Priam, and had a record of 2:24½.

COCKING IN VIRGINIA.

The great main of cocks between fanciers of Pennsylvania and Virginia commenced in Norfolk, Va., April 7, and drew together a large number of people interested in the sport, some of them coming from a considerable distance. It was the most important affair of the kind which has taken place in the Old Dominion for some years. The conditions were that twenty birds should be shown on a side, either side, weighing between 4lb 3oz. and 5lb. 12oz., and fight all that fell in, for $50 a side on each battle and $300 on the odd fight. The fighting was conducted in accordance with the New York and Philadelphia rules, and took place on the private grounds of a gentleman residing on the outskirts of the city, where an excellent pit had been erected, and such accommodations provided that all present were comfortably seated and had a full view of everything that occurred in the inclosure where the feathered warriors did their work. On the grounds were a number of booths, where refreshments both solid and liquid in form were dealt out, and games of chance were in full blast, the scene presented affording a striking contrast to that afforded by the surroundings of main-fights fought in the Northern States, where the sport must be carried on under cover of darkness, and the devotees of the pit follow their fancy at the imminent risk of getting "the collar" and being mulcted in fines after a long and lonely night in a damp and noisome cell. Evidently, they do these things better beyond the Southern border than they do in the "loyal North." Among the throng of good-humored spectators were very many men of means, one and all of whom were not only prepared but anxious to wager money on the pugnacious roosters, and this they had no trouble in doing, the betting being very spirited, and large sums being in some instances wagered. Nineteen matches were made, and the result of the battles and mains is shown in the following telegraphic dispatches from the seat of war: April 7.—Six fights occurred to-day. Virginia won two fights and a judgment on a foul count in the fourth battle. Pennsylvania won three fights, making it three and three, with the judgment under Rule No. 9, New York regulations. April 8.—To-day Pennsylvania won five fights out of six. This leaves the score eight for Pennsylvania and four for Virginia, rendering it now necessary for Virginia to get six fights out of seven to win. April 9.—The main closed this evening in favor of the Pennsylvanians after nineteen fights, of which they won twelve and the Virginians seven battles. A great deal of money has changed hands, and the Virginians are terribly chagrined at the result.

AMUSEMENTS.

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MR. BARRY CONLAN
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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Tuesday, Testimonial Benefit to Maurice Pike. In preparation, ADELE THE SALESLADY. 4-1t

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WANTED—A perfect PIANO-PLAYER—one who is used to playing in concerts, and who can give instructions in singing; with good appearance. A (solo) VIOLIN-PLAYER—must be virtuoso. A 'CELLIST (solo)—must be virtuoso. A first TENOR singer—good, powerful voice. A BARITONE—good, powerful voice. A BASSO—fine, strong voice and good appearance. A first SOPRANO—must possess a sweet and powerful voice, and be a real good-looking girl and ladylike. A CONTRALTO—splendid voice and good-looking. Apply, with full particulars, and send portrait, critiques and also terms to PROF. RIEPHOF,
4-1t Thalstrasse, 34, St. Pauli,
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MADAME DOCKRILL.....Premiere Four-Horse Rider
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FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK OF
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GOOD OPERA-BOUFFE AND BURLESQUE
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ALSO GOOD
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56TH TO 64TH PERFORMANCE.
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Edward Harrigan's great comic play
THE MULLIGAN-GUARD BALL.
Another week of the laughable "hit"
THE IN-TOE-NATURAL WALKING MATCH,
embracing in its cast the whole strength of the company, including NINE COMEDIANS.
First appearance of the refined versatile performers
THE DELANOS.
The astonishing athletes and meteoric hat performers,
SNOW BROTHERS, MISS JENNIE MORGAN,
MR. NED BARRY, MISS MINNIE LEE,
John Wild, Billy Gray, John Shay, Goss and Fox, and great company in its entirety.
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GREAT SUCCESS of TONY PASTOR'S.
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KATE CASTLETON.
HARRIS and CARROLL, KITTY O'NEIL, and all of JOSH HART'S POPULAR TROUPE.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. 4-1t

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HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager

THIRD MONTH	THIRD MONTH	THIRD MONTH
THIRD MONTH	THIRD MONTH	THIRD MONTH
NINTH WEEK.	NINTH WEEK.	
NINTH WEEK.	NINTH WEEK.	
NINTH WEEK.	NINTH WEEK.	
NINTH WEEK.	NINTH WEEK.	
NINTH WEEK.	NINTH WEEK.	

Fifty-ninth to sixty-fourth performance of

ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.
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HOW SOME "WALKS ARE WORKED."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY M. H. T. OF BALTIMORE.

Sensations seem to be the rage at this particular time—
It is wrestling, boxing, swimming, or other sports sublime.
But the one that's most attractive and makes the largest show
Is the walking match, where the "cranks" fly off when the starter yells out "Go."

It is sixteen laps for Peters, of twenty-one for Jim,
Or seventy miles for Harrison, whose chance to win is slim;
While another party present, who knows what he's about,
Declares within a whisper that Muldoony's playing out.

A party then asks: "Where is Sam?" Another: "Where is Jack?"
And a friend that's near informs them that both have left the track;
But here comes Smith the Butcher Boy—he's looking none the worse
For having tramped some sixty miles for the visionary purse.

And at the closing of the walk the people crowd around,
For Jim, who was behind at first, is quickly gaining ground;
And Smith, who started out so well, who all said was in luck,
Although he is a Butcher Boy, has sadly lost his "pluck."

The tramp is done, the judge is up, and he begins to talk,
And then he names the winners in this most attractive walk;
And though Smith has lost the stake, and is now filled with sorrow,
It may console him quite to know Jim hands it back to-morrow.

Jim agreed to walk for a dollar a day.

FAIR AS A STAR;
OR,
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—HEART TO HEART.

And turns my soul to thine—
And thine it is.—SWINBURNE.

A long journey, truly, but nothing to an American, to whom a thousand miles are as little as a hundred to us in tiny England, and who rush from one end of their mighty continent to the other with as little concern as an English merchant feels when he takes the train from London to look after his business in Manchester or Liverpool. Mr. Burt and his company were doing very well. They found that good plays, well acted by a company in which every member was perfect in business, dress, and words, and where a pleasant absence of any hitch marked the whole performance, attracted all the best people, and held their own everywhere against the doubtful attractions of undraped burlesques and vapid opera-bouffe.

It was a nice tour altogether, and Ginevra Pierrepoint in her widow's garb began to feel quietly content. Not quite happy, for she could not forget Philip Craven—could not drive out of her memory the love that had sprung up in her heart for him. She reproached herself bitterly, poor girl, for having betrayed herself so far as to let him know it; but the admission had slipped from her unawares in the pain and agitation of his avowal of love for her. How wicked and depraved he must think her, she fancied, when she recalled that night! How utterly he must despise her, a married woman, to have listened to words of love from him, and acknowledged her own affection in return! She little thought that, having heard her own story from her old friends, he was speeding towards her as fast as rail and steam could bring him, to help her to forget all the unhappy past in the shelter of his faithful love.

Madeline Vere was married, and gone to Niagara with her bridegroom. They were to rejoin the company presently at an appointed town, and go the rest of the tour; but they were to part company with Mr. Burt when he returned to England. Miss Vere was determined to begin her new life in a new land, and have no old associations cropping up to spoil her felicity. She was sincere in her wish to begin anew. She made no hypocritical protestations of reformation, but she did what was better—she reformed in earnest, and went straight forward in the right path. Mr. Burt was a great help to her, and saved her from many a temptation and snare that would have lured her back to her old ways. She went to him with tears in her eyes when the young man who had fallen in love with her asked her to be his wife. She loved him, but dreaded to acknowledge it lest he should find out about her past career and spurn her.

"What shall I do?" she asked, with tears.

"You love him, child?"

"Yes!"

"Then tell him everything. If he *loves* you, he will not cast you off for what is gone by. If he is only struck by your beauty, and fancies your talent will help him on, why, let him go. Whistle him down the wind, my dear, and forget him."

But there was no need for Madeline and Burt to forget her lover. She shrank from him for a day or two, dreading to have to speak, and then, when the chance came, and he found his opportunity again, she discovered that he knew all that there was to tell.

"My dear, I know everything," he said, as he drew her into his arms and let her hide her troubled face on his breast. "My darling, you have to tell me one word. We will never speak of it again so long as you are a true and faithful wife."

"As I will be, Heaven helping me," Madeline Vere said, and she kept her word.

There was not a happier couple in the profession than Mr. and Mrs. Haworth. They were not so rich as the lady had been when she wore diamonds and handled her bouquets and tributaries before the eyes of admiring London. They lived plainly and worked heard, and Frank Haworth never had cause to regret the choice he had made.

Ginevra Pierrepoint, still keeping to her American name of Helen Pomfrey, had been the leading lady of her old friend's company three weeks, when Philip Craven heard her whereabouts from Mrs. Banton, and went speeding westward after her. She was a great success everywhere. Her brilliant beauty and graceful bearing, and the extreme taste with which she dressed, were an agreeable change after the bedizened actresses, whose only aim seems to be how much of splendor they can get upon their persons or hang on their necks and arms. Mr. Burt was rejoiced to the extreme with the result of his meeting with his old friend, and proposed higher terms to her when the time-for the tour reached Cincinnati. The success of the first night there had been very great, and the applause was unbounded when Mr. Burt announced the piece for repetition the next night.

"I can make it better worth your while to stay with me now," he said to Ginevra as they stood together in the wings, waiting for their scene. "You are bringing in the dollars, my dear."

"I am? Say all of us. There hasn't been so good a company here before, that is all."

"It is mainly you, child. Miss Pomfrey's name is in every mouth. I can well afford to give you better terms. I should be ungenerous and dishonorable if I did not. If you stay with me——"

"If I stay? Why should I not stay? Where could I be happier or safer than with you? I would rather be with you, and under your kind protection, than earning the highest salary in the States. I feel safe under your sheltering care."

"I'm glad you do, my dear. It is pleasant to have you with me. Well, Cooper, what is it?"

"A gentleman, sir, to speak to you."

He put a card into the manager's hand and went away, and Mr. Burt looked at the card, and from it to Ginevra's face.

"I said 'if' you stayed," he said, with a slight smile. "I don't think you will."

"Why?"

For answer he put the card into her hand, and her heart gave a great bound as she read the name—Philip Craven.

"He here?" she said.

"So it seems."

"What can he want?"

"I don't think there can be much doubt about that. He wants you, and has come to fetch you. I'll go and talk to him. There's time before you and I are wanted."

He came back just in time to go on the stage, and said nothing more to her till the piece was over. Philip Craven was in Mr. Burt's private box, and she could not see him. At the end of the piece, when her business for the night was over, Mr. Burt took her hand as she was going upstairs to her dressing-room.

"Come, child," he said. "He has been very patient. He is waiting for you."

There was nothing in her costume to shock the most fastidious tastes. She looked as any lady might look in her own drawing-room, and her beauty needed so little aid from paint or powder that there were no startling lines to tell tales at close quarters—no rouge nor chalk to rub off, and leave a sallow, dusky-hued skin underneath it. Philip Craven thought he had never seen her look so lovely as she turned the handle of the door and came softly to where he stood. He waited for no word from her, but clasped her in his arms and held her to his breast.

"My darling! my darling!" he murmured. "I have you at last. I will never let you go again, Helen."

She extricated herself, blushing, from his arms, and held him off.

"Why have you followed me?" she asked. "How did you find me out?"

"I followed you because I want you for my wife, my darling," he said. "I found you out by asking Mrs. Banton where you were gone. There is nothing to come between us now, Helen. Say you are glad to see me, my darling."

"Glad!"

She lifted her eyes to his, and there was no need to say more. Glad! It was a poor word to express the exquisite joy that thrilled through every nerve at the sight of him. She never knew how deep she had loved him till now, when she saw him standing before her, handsome and faithful, ready with his honest love to shield her from all the world's cares and anxieties, ready to be her guide, protector, and friend, for all their lives to come.

"Then you know all?" she asked.

"All, my darling—everything there is to be told. We will never speak of that miserable past; we will bury it, as it should be buried, in that far-off grave."

She shivered a little in his warm clasp. The mere allusion to that terrible Australian tragedy was very dreadful to her.

"Don't speak of it," she said, with a shudder. "I cannot get it out of my head. O Mr. Craven——"

"Mr. Craven! I have a name, my own love—call me Philip."

"Philip," she said, with a blush. "Do you think we are acting rightly? Do you think I shall do you no wrong in consenting to be your wife?"

"Wrong, my own Helen—I'm afraid I shall always be tempted to call you Helen, by the way—what wrong can you possibly do me?"

"I don't know. I feel as if we should be parted some way—as though a shadow out of that dishonored grave would some day rise and separate us."

She shuddered again, and he drew her closer to him and kissed her upturned face.

"My poor darling," he said. "You know what Longfellow says——

Let the dead past bury its dead.

Don't dig it up again, there's a dear. The skeleton of a bygone trouble is always an ugly thing to look at. We are going to be happy in the future, and not 'keep our memory green' for anything unpleasant. Look me in the face, love, and tell me again you are glad to have me beside you."

"I am too happy, Philip. You have made 'earth seem heaven,' as Anne Hathaway did for Shakespeare; but I cannot help feeling that it is too bright to last. Your mother, Philip—what will she say?"

A transient cloud flitted over Philip Craven's handsome, bright face—so transient that Ginevra hardly perceived it—and he smiled as he bent his loving eyes upon her.

"What do you know about my mother, little one?"

"I—I have heard of her," she said, hesitating. She had, from Mrs. Banton, who had told her how haughty Mrs. Craven appeared to be, but not why she went to her.

"Ah, I dare say," Philip said, with a comical look. "The dear old *mater* is like a ruffled turkey-cock where her boy is concerned. I heard of Mrs. Banton going to see her, and what came of it. Do you know what the old lady went about?"

"No."

"Well, she went in the hope of getting my address. She didn't; but that doesn't matter now. Suppose we leave my mother out of the question for the present. I don't ask you to marry her, but me."

"But suppose she should object?"

"I am not under maternal control, my darling. I am no longer an infant in the eyes of the law. I can choose a wife for myself, and I have chosen."

"But I cannot stand between you and your mother, Philip. You love her, do you not?"

"Dearly?"

"Then you must not anger her."

"I don't know that—I should. My mother has her notions, but she is a reasonable woman, staunch and true as steel to those she likes; and she shall like you, my beautiful darling, I promise that. My father is in love with you already, wicked old sinner that he is."

"Ah, as an actress, perhaps. To think of me as his son's wife would be a very different thing, I suspect."

"I beg a thousand pardons if I interrupt," said Mr. Burt, putting his head in at the door. "I've knocked twice, and waited with the patience of a modern Job, but no one answered me."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said Philip, laughing. "We didn't hear, did we, Helen?"

"No," she replied, with a blush; "I don't think we did."

"Oh, it was hardly expected that you would," the manager replied, with mock gravity. "I only thought you might be interested in knowing that the farce is over, the audience are gone, and the gasman is waiting to put out the lights."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Philip, while Ginevra blushed up to the roots of her hair.

"What shall I do?" she said. "I have never been up to dress, and what will they think in the dressing-room?"

"They think you have gone home, my dear," the manager said kindly. "The dresser has packed all your things, and they are in a cab at the door; you've only to get in along with them, and you're home. There, come along; you've had excitement enough for one night."

He made her bid Philip good-bye, and the young man went off to his hotel, Mr. Burt taking Ginevra home himself, and letting her weep out her excitement unnoticed as the cab rolled through the silent streets.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A SNUFF-BOX.

Like one
Who, having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie.—SHAKESPEARE.

When Philip Craven was hurrying westwards to find the woman he meant to take for his wife, and Ginevra Pierrepoint was sitting down to her new life of quiet content, if nothing more, Mrs. Banton was vainly endeavoring to feel towards her newly-arrived brother as she had felt in the days when they were young together, before the roving fever seized him and took him so many thousand miles away. He was very gentle and kind to her. And his luggage, when brought ashore, contained many nice presents for her, and numberless mementos of his life at Nic-Nac Gap. There were the photos and cartes she had sent him at intervals, and which, he said, had been his treasured companions in his lonely life. There were pictures of the place itself, and of some of his neighbors, of whom he spoke familiarly and pleasantly. He entered fully into her reminiscences of their youth, though his memory was not quite so fresh as hers was on many matters. Still, with all this, there was a strange something about him which Mrs. Banton could not well make out. He fell into reveries now and then, and would wake up to the subject on hand with a start, as though his mind were far away. He accepted the hospitality of his sister and her husband with an odd air of unwillingness, and seemed to absent himself from the house as much as possible.

"I'm so disappointed in him," the good lady said to her husband, after they had watched him walk away one morning.

"What did you expect, little woman?" he asked. "He's pretty much what I thought he would be."

"I expected my *brother*," she said sadly; "someone who would look at me with our father's eyes, and whose greeting would have something of heart in it."

"And had his none?"

"Not a throb! He clasped me in his arms and kissed me, and called my name, but——"

"But what?"

"Perhaps I cannot make you understand the 'but.' For any warmth of feeling there was in the words or the embrace, he might have been a statue. It chilled me to the heart, and then——"

"Go on, you exacting little woman. What then?"

"His eyes, dear. They are my father's in color, but nothing else—there is an evil look in them. They did not meet mine as I spoke when he greeted me. What can my brother have done that he cannot look his sister in the face?"

Mr. Banton put his wife in her cosy easy-chair, and sat down beside her.

"Look here, Jeanie," he said. "You must have something the matter with you, I think, to take such fancies. You forget, dear, that we are almost as much strangers to your brother as though he had never seen us. You don't take into account the long loneliness of his life in Australia, and the roughness of his surroundings there."

"Yes, I do."

"Then make allowances for him, old lady. He'll be more genial after a bit."

"I can't reconcile him with his letters," Mrs. Banton persisted. "Up to that terrible time at Ballarat his letters were loving and kind; since then they have been so strange, so patronizing, as if his money had made him condescending. Fancy my brother being condescending to me! I dare say I am a fanciful old woman, but I had so looked forward to having him here, and now it almost breaks my heart."

"It isn't any fancy," Mr. Banton said gravely. "Graham's letters have been a trifle stiff lately, I admit, but I thought his head was a little turned with his money. If he has lost it all, as he says, the only wonder is that it isn't wholly turned with disappointment and despair."

"If!" said his wife in amazement. "Do you doubt it?"

"Sometimes I do. The story of the box being lost overboard is quite true. I have made inquiries about that. What was inside of it is another matter altogether."

"What do you think he has done with his money, then?"

"I am inclined to fancy that he has got rid of it in some wild way, and contrived that stratagem to deceive you. The things he has brought home with him show that he spent it lavishly on whatever took his fancy. Depend upon it, if that box were dived for its contents would not be so valuable as he declares them to be."

"But he is going to have it got up, he says."

"It's not so easy as you think, my dear. The box was lost in a very dangerous place, where the rocks are jagged, and the currents strong. It would be a costly and hazardous business, and no one seems inclined to undertake it."

Mrs. Banton felt troubled and anxious, and almost wished that her brother had stayed away, since he was so different from what she had expected to find him. She didn't like the way he looked about him at the rare and costly objects with which their house was filled, many of which were entrusted to Mr. Banton for cleaning and repair. Once her uneasiness got the better of her, and she rose and took the object her brother was looking at out of his hand. It was a tiny article, but it had cost its owner, who was no other than Philip Craven's father, more than a thousand pounds.

It was one of Louis XIV.'s beloved snuff-boxes, and was as perfect a specimen of enamel and jeweler's work as it was possible to find. It was of large size for a snuff-box, and made of gold, covered with medallions in enamel, divided by rows of diamonds of the purest water. In the centre of the lid was an enormous opal, which sent out rays of colored light, caught from whatever object happened to be nearest to it. Round the opal was a circle of large diamonds, from which went the other lines, dividing the oval into sections, in each of which was an exquisite painting on enamel. The sides were ornamented in the same way, and connoisseurs who were favored with a sight of it were wont to say that Mr. Craven had got a bargain in this priceless object of *vertu*.

It had had a fall, and two of the little pictures had been broken, and another defaced. Mr. Banton was appealed to to get them restored, and to his wife's dismay accepted the trust. She regarded the kingly relic with feelings of horror.

"It is such a little thing," she said, "and might be so easily stolen," and she begged her husband to use all speed to get it out of the house.

He laughed at her fears, and locked it up in his strong box every night. It would take a long time to repair, for the only artist he could employ could not come to his house often, and Mr. Craven had stipulated that it should not be taken away anywhere. He was doing something to polish the diamonds a little one evening, when Graham Goldburn came in from his daily walk about the city. He took up the casket which held it when it was put away—a strange piece of beauty itself—and said a word of admiration anent the fine ivory carving and velvet lining of the pretty trinket. Mr. Banton looked up to reply, and his brother-in-law caught sight of the box.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that's a pretty thing."

He put out his hand to take it, and held it up to the light, turning it hither and thither, so that the sparkles from the diamonds seemed to flash hither and thither like electric sparks. There was a greedy look in his eyes the while, like the look of a wild animal over its prey. Mrs. Banton saw it, and turned cold with a sick shiver. Instinctively she rose from her seat, and went to her brother's side.

"Give it to me, Graham!" she said hurriedly. "Give it to me!"

"Why, Jeanie, what's the matter?" he asked, regarding her with surprise, but suffering her to take the box. "Whatever ails you, my dear? You look frightened."

"I *am* frightened. Put it away, James. Put it away, for Heaven's sake, before mischief comes of it."

"Mischief!" he said, putting the box in its casket, and locking both in the iron safe. "What mischief can come of it, my dear?"

"I don't know. They say that opals are prophetic, and foretell misfortune. I saw that great opal go dead and white like a lump of glass in Graham's hand. I am superstitious, and it startled me."

She spoke excitedly and hurriedly, and her brother did not look at her as she told her confused story. It was not the opal that had scared her, but the thought that was in his face. She had seen it, and he knew it. He laughed as the key was turned in the door of the safe, and rallied her on her superstitious fears.

"You and I must see with different eyes, Jeanie," he said. "I was just thinking, when you got up, that the opal was the clearest and most prismatic I had ever seen—too good for a snuff-box, even to be carried in a king's pocket. It is fitter for a crown."

He turned the conversation to gems and their worth, and got on to business topics with his brother-in-law, striving to make both husband and wife forget what had passed. Insensibly they got around to the Helen Pomfrey, a subject which he had rather avoided till now, though his sister had more than once spoken of their beautiful favorite, to whom they were so much attached, and who, she declared, had saved her life.

To-night Graham Goldburn seemed very much interested in the young lady, and asked numberless questions about her, and little by little extracted the whole story of Ginevra Pierrepoint and her sorrows from Mrs. Banton. She told him how Philip Craven had loved her lodger, and how she had told him the truth and gone away to avoid him, and then how proof had come to him of Ginevra's death, and her lover had gone to Cincinnati in pursuit.

"And I hope he'll bring her back, and only take her away from us as his wife," the good lady said, with a quiver in her voice that was always there when she spoke of Helen. "She deserves to be happy, poor dear, after all that she has suffered."

"No doubt, as Mr. Philip Craven deserves a recompense for his faithful love. Do you think the lady will make him happy when she gets him, Jeanie?"

"She'd make anybody happy, the darling," Mrs. Banton returned warmly, looking at a delicately-tinted photograph of her favorite that hung against the wall.

It was taken at the manager's request in the soft white robes and loose drapery of Parthenia, and she had had a copy enlarged and beautifully finished for Mrs. Banton. The artist had succeeded to a miracle. The lips seemed just parting to speak, and the eyes were full of loving, tender expression as they seemed to look around the room and meet the gaze of those who loved her.

"If she's as beautiful as that, she's worth looking at," Graham Goldburn said, with something very like a sneer. "But I suspect art has a great deal to do with that. In America, here, they seem to have the gift of making the ugliest people good-looking."

"There's no flattery there," Mr. Banton said quietly. "Helen Pomfrey—she will always be Helen to us, I fancy—is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. She was more haggard and worn-looking when we first knew her; but since she has left her troubles further behind her——"

"Meaning her husband?" said Mr. Goldburn in a sarcastic tone.

"Well, yes. I should say he was her greatest trouble," the old gentleman replied. "Since she has been away in her maid, Fanny Girl, her beauty has come back to her; but you will see her soon and judge for yourself. I hope, as Jeanie says, that Mr. Craven will bring her back to us."

"I'm afraid I shall miss that pleasure. I don't think I shall be in New York."

"Not be here!" exclaimed Mrs. Banton.

"No."

"But why?"

"My dear Jeanie, I'm not the millionaire I was," Graham Goldburn replied, setting his teeth to keep back a curse that had very nearly followed his words. "I must look about me for something to do. I think I shall run over to Philadelphia and look after a little business there that I have heard of. I fancy it would suit me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LITERARY TRAMP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

His visiting-cards had just been exhausted; therefore our "devil" loudly announced through the sanctum doorway: "Mister Augustine Da Vinchy!" Da Vinchy—for the appearance of "a shabby genteel"—wore a rather seedy suit of black, shining at elbows and knees; a pair of discolored three-button kid gloves, a sorry-looking stovepipe hat, a pair of smallpox boots (being well broke out all over), and part of his hair in the middle. Remarking that time is money, he briefly stated the occasion of his present intrusion on our valuable time by informing us that he had seen far better days; was born of poor but honest parents; was left an orphan at an early age without any father or mother; was now on a winding way to Washington to procure copyrights on two original poems of considerable merit; and if we would kindly advance him the despicable sum of six bits to procure a night's lodging and a few tooth-picks, and a box of paper-collars, why, immediately upon his arrival in Washington he would certainly remit the paltry and insignificant loan to us without unnecessary delay. Dreamingly we tendered Da Vinchy the required amount, and left him to his present happiness; bowing his thanks, he was about to retire when we casually inquired, if he didn't deem it impertinent on our part, what might be the style and titles of his poems. Imagine our great astonishment and pleasure when Da Vinchy modestly unrolled a small package and proceeded to read to us his own original poems, the one was entitled "Beautiful Snow," the other "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." In our haste to arise we upset the paste-pot, inkstand and scissors; but, never heeding such a trivial mishap on such a joyful occasion, we warmly grasped the hand of Da Vinchy's hands, and while the grateful tears coursed adown our cheeks we thanked him a thousand times for having given us the great pleasure and grand honor of having shaken for the one hundred and fifty-second time the hand of the author of the above poems; and, while our tears were yet warm, Da Vinchy, with a pleasant "Da-da," and with a saddened, careworn, far-off gaze, disappeared through the hazy mist of the Indian Summer, and meandered on his lonely way through this vale of tears.

Wisdom's Whisperings.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BOBBY NEWCOMB.

INCONSTANCY is a man's natural failing. Having first deceived himself, he ceases to believe others, and calls a lie the truth when most unnecessary. Thus the force of habit makes him a slave to vice.

IF SNOW would once fall red instead of white, the whole world would admire that as a novelty which before they had condemned as a nuisance! Thus the crush of men treat one another when a poor man suddenly become rich.

WOMEN are called weakest because Adam, being tempted, turned tempter. He resisted, she fell; therefore we often blame others for what we alone are guilty.

MUSIC does not always charm—that which soothes the mother oft disturbs the child. So it is with taste; to train the appetite, train the brain.

HUNGER unappeased does not affect all men alike. The cultivated die where the vulgar can live.

IGNORANCE has the firmest of friends in Pity.

A DRUNKEN man laughs loudly at that which the sober only smiles at.

LIONS and lambs seldom lie together—otherwise the word divorce would be stricken from the lexicon.

A SUNBEAM in a prison-cell is the beacon-light of Hope.

PEARLS are found in oysters—so is virtue in homely women.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.—A story is told of a Frenchman who blandly remonstrated with an Englishman for his scorn of French beef. "I have," he said, "been two times in England, but I nevere find the bit superieur to ours. I find it vary convenient that they bring it you on little pieces of stick for one penny, but I do not find the bif superieur." "Good heavens!" cried the Englishman, red with astonishment, "you have been eating cat's meat!"

CLIPPER SONGS:
"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

"I Think We've Met Before."

BY ONEY PARLE.

One afternoon, in sadness,
Through the city park I wandered;
"Man's inhumanity to man"
Was the theme on which I pondered;
A fair young lady as I passed
Sent my thoughts all in a furor;
She smiled, and, bowing, I remarked:
I think we've met before.
Chorus.—Excuse me, miss, I faintly cried,
Your acquaintance I implore;
Don't think I'm bold, nor treat me cold,
I think we've met before.

I dare say you'll imagine
My conduct's very queer,
But, having had the blues to-day,
I sought for comfort here.
Your smiles have lent me courage
My spirits they'll restore;
May joy come of our meeting, for
I think we've met before.
I trust that we shall meet again,
These moments so amend
The lone and gloomy hours of life
I've spent without a friend.
Your words have made me happy,
Revived the hopes of yore,
And in the future, when we meet,
I'll know we've met before.

St. Louis, Mo.

Army Hash.

TO MY FRIEND "FRANK," COMPANY H, EIGHTH CAVALRY.

(Copyright attended to.)

When at sunrise in the morning
I am 'roused to reveille,
With my head so gently aching,
Caused by being on a spree,
'Tis then the world looks dreary,
With neither credit, "cheek" nor cash;
But, ah, how pleasant, yes, and cheery,
Is that sweet, mysterious smell of "hash!"
Chorus.—Then give me army-hash for breakfast,
Also give me hash at night,
And gently warm what's left for luncheon,
If it's only but a bite!

Don't talk to me about "slumgallion,"
Bean-soup, boiled pork or other meat,
Because I've found out from experience
That such dishes are not fit to eat.
But, comrade, if you'd raise my spirits
With something dearer far than cash,
Just let me sniff the heavenly fragrance
Of that sweet, mysterious army-hash!
Chorus.—Then give me army-hash for breakfast,
For dinner, supper, and for tea,
And set aside what's left for luncheon,
And happy I shall ever be.

THOS. HARRINGTON (author of "The Army Bean").
Fort McKinney, Wyoming.

"Johnny" He Must Go!

DEDICATED TO HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS,
BY E. MASON JR.

SCENE.—*Dinah at the wash-tub.*

Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! Oh, aint dis biz!
Times gettin' better—don't ye hear 'em whiz?
We's gwine now, shuah, to benefit the poor,
An' drive "little Johnny!" from de outer door!
Chorus.—Den rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub;
Hip! hip! hi-yah!
Go away, "Johnny," dar's music in de a'r;
Drap dat flat-iron,
Pack yer little kit;
Niggers' at de wash-tub, "Johnny 'ns gwine to git!

Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! Don't ye hear de noise?
Sou Chong's berry sick, washin' fo' de boys;
Long time ago didn't Dinah tote ye so?—
Niggers' at de wash-tub—"Johnny he must go!"
Chorus.—Den, rub-a-dub, etc.

"Mooneyed Johnny," alip yer little cable,
Razee de ranche, an' upset de table;
Den dem flat-irons, pack yer little kit,
Niggers at de wash-tub, Johnny—you mus' git.
Chorus.—Den rub-a-dub, etc.

Philadelphia, April, 1879.

I'm a Nigger.

DEDICATED TO FRANK LAWTON, COMEDIAN,
BY THOMAS R. LAUGHTON.

Oh, I am a nigger in looks,
I'm black'd up for this occasion;
I can write neither papers nor books,
But belong to the white population;
I'm a "nig" by profession alone,
And can sing all the songs of the day;
I'm a good-natured fellow, you'll own,
So listen to what I've to say.
Chorus.—I can sing, I can dance, I can whistle
Of rare, rare, the shillalah or thistle,
Or my own native land—
The soil where I stand—
Of things circumstantial and topics so grand:
I'm a merry young "nig," and you'll say so.

To-day I was out for a walk,
And I saw then a sight that was funny;
Two fellows were having loud talk,
And wanted to bet each some money;
I stopped on the corner to watch,
The result of this fracas to know,
And the hot-tempered words I could catch
Meant not fight, but merely to show—
Chorus.—That I can sing, I can dance, etc.

It's my pleasure to please all my friends,
And my friends will please join in my pleasure;
On their favor my record depends,
And that favor I'll own is a treasure;
I hope we may all meet again,
And have once again a grand laugh;
I'll be *glad* to be with you again—
Let *that* be a plain epitaph.
Chorus.—I can sing, I can dance, etc.

Hartford, Ct., 1879.

THE MAGIC CUE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

It was the cherished design of my father that I should become a clergyman. My mother secretly hoped I would turn out a poet. An uncle who took a deep interest in my welfare, confidently prophesied that I was destined to be a physician, while my grandfather stubbornly held to the belief that I was intended by nature for a lawyer. In view of these exalted designs, hopes, prophecies and intentions, it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that I fulfilled none of them. Instead of a clergyman, a poet, a physician or a lawyer, I became the keeper of a billiard-room.

From the time I first blossomed into roundabouts the ivory balls possessed for me a fascination which I could not resist. The one lumbering old billiard-table which found its way into the sleepy New England village where I lived was the idol of my budding affections, the day-star of my vealy existence. Upon that shrine I offered up the sacrifices of long-hoarded pennies, and in the zeal of my devotion incurred the risk of many a thrashing. I surreptitiously made way with my mother's copper tea-kettle, it was to sell the metal to get money for billiards. If I failed in my lesson at school, it was because I had spent too much time in studying billiards. If I played truant, it was to play billiards. The ambition of my life was bounded by the four cushions of the billiard-table, and the only sceptre I ever dreamed of wielding was a cue. In church I marked the position of the balls on the chandelier which stretched its weary length up the aisle, by speculating upon the possibility of making a carom from the knob on the corner of the pulpit to the minister's bald head. I speak of these things to show how my mind was cast in early age, my mind was taken up by the game. The tendency, first developed in roundabouts, strengthened with years. I drifted away from home and turned my face towards the West. There, at two-and-twenty, in the dancing days of my youth, I fell heir to the modest inheritance which others had variously planned to expend in theology, pills or Blackstone, I established myself as the proprietor of a billiard-room.

Measured by the standard of the town, I was an expert with the cue. Measured by the achievements of professional players, I was little more than a beginner. However, as my skill was sufficient to beat any of my patrons, and to win for me considerable local renown, I rested content. The society of Carson City in those days was delightfully free from the fetters of conventionality. Gentlemen for the most part carried the law in their own hands—and in their hip-pockets. If it so happened that a dispute arose over a game of billiards, the matter was at once settled by an appeal to the statutes, as expounded by a six-shooter. So that it sometimes happened that before a gentleman had finished his string he ceased to take any interest whatever in the game. There was nothing monotonous about keeping a billiard-room in Carson City in those days. And while I permitted the utmost freedom to my patrons, I was obliged to display, in a conspicuous place over the bar, this warning:

Gentlemen are Particularly Requested
Not to Fire Pistols
Across the Billiard Tables.

The "Ivory"—for that was the name by which my room was known—had been in successful operation some three months when, one bright September morning, a stranger sauntered in with a billiard-cue in his hand. Strangers were common enough in Carson City, but not of this sort. I looked him over with undisguised astonishment. He was a man of medium height, and perhaps thirty years old. His nationality was a puzzle. There was a Spanish cast to his face, a hint of the Mexican in his complexion, a suggestion of the Indian in his straight hair; but his manner was that of a French count, and his dress would have done credit to a Fifth-avenue beau. It was this last, perhaps, which chiefly attracted my attention. A shirt-front of immaculate whiteness, upon which glistened a single but wonderful, brilliant diamond; a silk hat shining resplendently; a broadcloth coat and a pair of lavender trowsers; neatly fitting boots, polished to a state of absolute perfection—these were things so rarely seen in the Ivory that it was only natural they should call for scrutiny. The two or three residents of Carson City who were lounging about the bar when the stranger entered made no attempt to conceal their amazement. They stared long and hard, and, finding no words in which to express their astonishment, winked solemnly at one another, and then resumed their staring. To a nervous man this would have been embarrassing; but it did not seem in the least to disconcert the stranger. Swinging the cue gracefully in his hand, he made his way up to the bar, nodded pleasantly to Billings, the young man employed to dispense liquids in the Ivory, and then, half-turning to the loungers, said:

"What is it, gentlemen?"

The residents of Carson City arose with prompt unanimity and named their several poisons. Connecticut Bill took whiskey straight; Fourfingered Harry selected rum without gum; Scripture George, true to his first love, called for gin.

"And yours?" continued the stranger, turning to me.

"Oh, he don't drink?" explained Connecticut Bill. The stranger merely elevated his eyebrows, bowed politely, and poured out a couple of fingers of brandy.

"My best regards and better acquaintance, gentlemen!"

He tossed off the liquor neat, and the three residents of Carson City followed his example.

"You might be a stranger to these parts?" observed Scripture George as he drew his shirt-sleeve across his mouth.

"You are right," was the answer. "And for that matter I am a stranger everywhere. A traveler, gentlemen. I see you are abreast of the times here," glancing as he spoke towards the tables. "Neat place, this. Do any of you play billiards, gentlemen?"

"We allow that Mr. Preston there can punch the balls agin anybody in that ere line of business," said Connecticut Bill, nodding his head towards me and speaking with the utmost assurance.

"Indeed? I shall be very glad to try a friendly game with Mr. Preston, if it be agreeable to him."

"Certainly," I answered.

The confidence in my skill felt by the residents of Carson City was not, on this occasion, shared by me. I held it to be part of my duty to engage in a game with anybody who might drop into the Ivory; and so far as my regular patrons were concerned, it was an easy task to beat them as often as I pleased. But while my ability to double-discount Scripture George was a matter of endless wonder to Carson City, it fell far short of convincing me that I was a great player. Something about this stranger, with his Spanish face, his French manners and his grammatical English, satisfied me at once that he was an expert with the balls. And this belief was doubtless strengthened by the fact of his carrying his own cue.

The Ivory was furnished with the old-fashioned American tables, twelve by six, with four pockets each. The stranger led off in an ordinary game of one hundred points, counting according to the American system. It was too early in the day for my usual patrons to make their appearance, and the only spectators we had were Connecticut Bill, Fourfingered Harry, Scripture George and Billings. Naturally the sympathies of this assemblage were with the Carson City representative, and from the outset I had no lack of encouragement. But from the outset I saw that my antagonist was my superior. The fact that I won the game did not alter my opinion in this respect. I saw plainly enough, what was not visible to Scripture George, that the stranger threw the game when he might have won it half-a-dozen times.

"That thar is what you might call billiards!" remarked Connecticut Bill with supreme complacency, when I had finished my score with a run of twenty.

"Mr. Preston plays an excellent game," returned the stranger. "He does credit to your city."

We played a second game, in which I was again victorious; and again I saw that I had been permitted to win through the grace of my antagonist.

"Maybe you might give the stranger a few points," suggested Scripture George. "We also allow that it is more blessed to give than to git—don't we, Billings?"

But I assured my admirer that the stranger was more than my match at even points, and so we continued our play. Other residents of Carson City began to drop in, and we were soon surrounded by a thoroughly interested, if not overcritical crowd of spectators. We played in all nine games. Seven of these I won, but at the end I was more completely convinced than ever that the stranger might have beaten me every time had he chosen to do so.

During the next week I crossed cues daily with my unknown rival. A majority of the games were scored to my credit, but it was always with the unsatisfactory feeling that I had been permitted to win. The stranger spent the greater part of his time in the Ivory. He gave the name of Richard Pizarro, spoke indefinitely of his having drifted to Carson City from San Francisco, but, beyond this, volunteered no information regarding his personal affairs. He appeared to have plenty of money, spent it freely, was always quiet and polite, and speedily won the esteem of Scripture George and other prominent residents of Carson City. Before he had been in the town twenty-four hours he was christened Dandy Dick, and thereafter was spoken of by no other name. I think it was Connecticut Bill who first proposed a match-game of billiards between Dandy Dick and me. So evenly matched as we apparently were, it was not surprising that the gambling propensity of Carson City should assert itself in this direction. Against the earnest protest, a number of the leading citizens took the matter in hand. The views of Dandy Dick were sounded by Scripture George. They were found to be entirely in accord with the proposition.

"Just to give it a little interest, you know, we might make it for a hundred a side," suggested Connecticut Bill.

"If we are to play for money at all," rejoined Dandy Dick, with us maker is an object. What do you say to a thousand a side?"

This proposition, made with the utmost coolness, caused the prominent residents of Carson City to look at one another in doubt. Finally, Scripture George, turning the quid of tobacco reflectively in his mouth, remarked:

"If that is your raise, we will cover it. Agree with your adversary quickly, and never let him bluff you out of the pot. Them is the sentiments of this community."

So it was settled that I was to play the stranger, two hundred points up, for a thousand dollars a side. Scripture George became my chief backer, with a number of the other prominent residents of Carson City standing in behind him. Dandy Dick backed himself. The money was duly deposited with Judge Hastings, the most respected magistrate on the Carson City bench, and, all necessary preliminaries having been perfected, the players were given three days for practice. That I improved this time to the utmost I may say in all truth; but that I was exceedingly apprehensive of the result of the contest was something which I did not seek to conceal from my friends and backers. I had presented in all earnestness the match to them, and had done my best to convince Carson City that the stranger had been purposely holding back his strength in order to win the stakes. I repeatedly declared that I was not able to play against Dandy Dick—that I simply could not count me if he chose, and that it was throwing money away to risk it on my chances of beating the stranger. But the sentiment of Carson City was not to be moulded by argument. Carson City had seen me play with the cue made to order, and knew that I could vanquish him. Firm in this faith, Carson City had put up its money on me, and there was really nothing left for me to do but go in and play my best.

"It is hard," remarked Scripture George, "to kick a white man's pile, but it's considerable harder to kick agin the opinion of this hyar community."

That settled it. I ceased to kick.

The match was fixed for a Saturday night. I continued my practice faithfully up to Friday evening, and then refused to touch a cue again until the decisive hour.

ATHLETIC.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To correspondents who report sporting matters only a card of a LIGHT-BLUE COLOR, having printed diagonally across its face in RED INK *"For Sporting News Only,"* and otherwise precisely like the credentials recently held by our amusement correspondents, will be issued. These will bear date of March 1, 1879, and be good for eight months, expiring Nov. 1. They will not be good for admission to theatres or other like places of amusement.

THE BUCKEYE CHAMPIONSHIP.

A six-days' walking match for the championship of Ohio closed at Toledo April 5. The contest began at midnight March 30, to continue 144 hours; the contestant who covered the most miles in that time was to be awarded a champion belt; second prize, $50, provided 300 miles had been made; third prize, $25. There were five entries: Wm. Jackson, Charley Ross, Richard Jackson, Charles Tiernan and Thos. Sanderson. Following is the score: Sanderson quit the track at 9.55 P. M. April 3, after making 149 miles; Tiernan retired at 10.11 same night, after making 176 miles; Richard Jackson retired at 11.20 April 4, after scoring 247 miles; Charley Ross threw up the sponge at 11.40 P. M. 5th, with a score of 230 miles. Jackson walked until 12 o'clock, doing 288 miles and taking the champion belt. The belt is of solid silver, with an engraved shield of gold in front. The Buckeye boys ought to do better than this. Thos. Sanderson immediately challenged the winner to a six-days' contest for the belt and $100. This has been Toledo's first attack of the walking mania in anything like an aggravated form, and the affair was a financial success.

PEDESTRIANISM IN VERMONT.

The pedestrian fever has struck Vermont, and portions of the State have got it bad. On Wednesday evening, April 9, a ten-mile contest took place in Middlebury. The race was "go as you please," under the Astley rules, and open to anybody in Addison County. Seven starters put in their appearance, and struggled for the prizes. The first prize was won by Peter Dudley of Cornwall, the second by Tom Flint of Middlebury, and the third by A. H. Sumner of Bristol. The winner's time was 1h. 16m., Flint being two minutes behind Dudley, and Sumner ten seconds behind Flint. The race between these three was very close and exciting. Dudley never once broke his running gait. Frank Buckley, a young amateur walker, showed good speed and endurance, and will probably make his mark in the pedestrian arena. Another similar contest will take place within a week or ten days from the first, and a regular series of races will probably be inaugurated at once. At the conclusion of the race on Wednesday night Buckley challenged the county to a ten-mile walk, running not to be allowed.

DANIELS vs. HARRIMAN.

AS C. A. Harriman did not cover the money left for some weeks in our hands by Chas. P. Daniels, we returned the deposit to the latter, who sends us the following letter:

BOSTON, April 10, 1879.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Allow me to thank you for your courtesy in receiving and returning my deposit of $100 for a match with C. A. Harriman, and to express my regret that you should have been troubled to no purpose. That the walk did not take place was from no fault of mine, and it must be apparent to those who have followed the business through all its stages that Mr. Harriman does not desire to meet me at fifty miles. As I was the winner in our last match, I should not have challenged him again had he not boasted of his ability to outwalk me, and cannot but think this affair has terminated little to his credit. CHAS. P. DANIELS.

ODDY vs. FERGUSON.

Regarding the recent contest between these men, we have received the following:

DENVER, COL., April 5, 1879.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* Concerning the walking match between W. W. Ferguson and John Oddy, I, as the referee in said walk, have to say that, in the 49th mile, while spurting, a foul occurred by Ferguson kicking Oddy on the shin just above the ankle. A foul was claimed by Oddy, Ferguson admitting that he had kicked him, but claiming that it was accidental. Oddy claimed a foul and the race; but the judges took three laps off Ferguson and ordered the walk to go on, not knowing that Oddy was so badly injured in the foul. Oddy continued walking, but from the time of the accident till his backer took him from the track, which was on the 62d mile, he walked very lame and his shin was in bad shape. Oddy was four miles ahead when he was drawn from the track.

Very respectfully yours, BARNEY QUINN.

TOURNEY IN NEW JERSEY.—The Spring tournament of the St. James' Athletic Association will be held at the Jersey City Walking Rink, corner of Hoboken and Central avenues, Jersey City, commencing at 7 P. M. April 16. The programme follows: April 16—One and two mile walks, for amateurs; 17—Seven-mile walk, for amateurs; 18, 19—Twenty-five-mile walk, for professionals; 21—Ten-mile walk, for amateurs; 22—Fifteen-mile walk, for amateurs; 23, 24—Fifty-mile walk, for professionals; 25—One-hour walk for members of Olympic A. C. of Jersey City; 26—Twenty-five-mile walk, for amateur championship of the State of New Jersey; 28—One and five mile runs, for amateurs. R. F. Pratt Jr. is manager.

"THE RAINBOW."—Cricketers and other lovers of good cheer and social festivities of a sensible sort will be pleased to know that the familiar sign of "The Rainbow," which for years past shone forth in front of the cosy chop-house presided over by "Jimmy" Smith, the popular umpire, on West Third street, has again made its appearance. This time the location is at No. 52 Broad street (formerly kept by Harry Newport), the management of which has been undertaken by Mr. Smith. Here he has abundant room and ample facilities, and will doubtless make the place more popular than it ever was as a tavern, combining a taproom and chop room upon an improved plan.

IROQUOIS LACROSSE CLUB.—At a meeting of Caughnawaga Indians, held in Canada March 20, it was decided to organize a new lacrosse club, to be composed of the best men of the old team and some well-known young players. The new club is known as the Iroquois Club of Caughnawaga, and has applied to be recognized by the National Association. The following well-known players and lovers of the game compose the executive: Joseph Williams, president; Louis F. Jackson, secretary; Thomas Jocks, treasurer. Committee, John Daillebout, White Eagle and Karoniare. All communications to be addressed to the secretary, P. O. Caughnawaga, Canada.

AN EXHIBITION was given by the members of the Young Men's Christian Union Gymnasium, Boston, Mass., April 7. The programme customary at such entertainments was gone through creditably, and gave much pleasure to about four hundred spectators. The most interesting feature was a tug-of-war between teams of six from the athletic club and the gymnasium, in which the former won two pulls out of three. In the hitch-and-kick game G. W. Norwell reached a height of 8ft. 3in., and in the running high-jump from spring-board H. M. Howard and G. H. Carver each scored 5ft. 8in.

JIM SMITH arrived in the city last week, this being his first appearance in this section for a number of years. Jim wears the medal awarded him by the committee at the wrestling tournament at Chicago in which Daniel O'Leary came in second and George Guyon third. This was the race in which the referee, Tanzey, refused to give a decision, and in which first prize was wrongfully given to Henry Schmehl on the strength of a note from Tanzey's employer, O'Leary. Gus Olmstead, who finished fourth in said race, accompanies Smith.

JOHN DE WITT was the recipient of a benefit at the Armory, Auburn, N. Y., April 5, when several events took place. First was a running race, five miles, between Riley and Harris, which the latter won in 37m. 30s., Riley stopping at the end of the first mile, done in 6m. 25s. Ford then allowed Goodjos two laps in five miles, and beat him by more than a minute in 49m. 30s. The house was pretty good, and De Witt correspondingly happy.

A TWO-HOURS' WALKING CONTEST, for a prize of fifty dollars, took place on the Fair Grounds at Logan, Ohio, April 5. It was won by Nicholas Doebold of Straitsville, whom the timekeepers kindly asserted had walked fourteen miles, also crediting the second man, William Leonard, with doing thirteen and three-quarter miles. J. Hargrove was third man.

THE MEMBERS of the Laura Russell Concert Troupe indulged in a mile walking match at Springvale, Me., on Saturday, April 6. The result follows: J. Hill, 10m. 20s.; P. Fiumara, 10m. 35s.; Wm. Peel, 10m. 22s.; F. Clayton, 10m. 53s.; F. Mortimer, 10m. 25s.; D. B. Emery, 10m. 50s.; F. Wardleigh, 16m. Mr. Fiumara was declared the champion.

THE WAPPINGER FOOTBALL CLUB, which was organized at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., last October, and plays under the association rules, is officered as follows: President, Thomas Stevenson; secretary, Wm. McIntyre; captain, Robert. McAuley; vice-captain, Wm. K. Roy.

TWO AMBITIOUS PEDS named King and Hilton engaged in a go-as-you-please race at Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., last week, but, owing to the worse than indifference of the public in regard to the matter, they deemed it advisable to quit struggling on April 9.

THE RAVENSWOOD (L. I.) LACROSSE CLUB last week elected the following officers: President, H. S. Sanford; vice-president, J. L. Smith; secretary, A. Goldsmith; treasurer, G. B. Wilson; captain, Ed. Cluff; executive committee—A. Goldsmith, W. R. Ritchey and J. A. Nichols.

A 24-HOUR WALK for a medal and the championship of St. Joseph, Mo., came off there April 4, 5. Five started, but three fell out after going thirty miles or a little over, and Wm. A. Pardoe won, doing 100 miles in 23h. 57m. R. F. Leonard gave up after making 78 miles.

J. SAUNDERS defeated Geo. R. Bishop in a walking contest, over a supposed distance of ten miles, at Avenue Hall, South Boston, Mass., April 8. The figures announced (1h. 10m.) testify to the shortness of the track or the inaccuracy of the timing.

PECK & SNYDER, the well-known manufacturers and importers of sporting goods, advertise a new illustrated catalogue, which, besides being a price-list, gives valuable information to persons interested in out-of-door pastimes.

A FIVE-MILE RUN took place at Cromwell, N. Y., April 11, for a silver cup offered by Ed Nilson, for which there were twelve entries, but only six started. It was won by John K. Nilson, in 35min. 7sec., over a turf course.

THEY ARE GETTING these go-as-you-please contests down to small proportions. Frank Bryant and L. J. Marshall engaged in a two-and-a-half-mile go at Dorchester, Mass., April 9, the former winning in 16 minutes.

EDWARD REESE attempted to walk 110 miles in 24 hours on a thirty-lap track at Monteverde's Park, Maspeth, near Newtown, L. I., commencing at 9 o'clock P. M. April 5. He failed, accomplishing but 82 miles.

HOAGLAND of Union Springs, Courtney's protege, and Carter of Oswego are matched to walk ten miles at the Academy of Music, Auburn, N. Y., April 16, and a spirited contest is expected when the Greeks meet.

JAMES KEIRNAN defeated Chas. Cain in a ten-mile match at Moller's Opera-house, Dover, N. J., April 6. Cain quit after walking 9 miles 14 laps, Keirnan completing the ten in the reported time of 1h. 46m.

A FIVE-MILE go-as-you-please contest took place at Monteverde's Park, Maspeth, L. I., a few days ago. J. W. Atkins gave W. H. Rudolphe a half-mile start, and won by over 200yds. in 39¾min.

A TEN-MILE CONTEST will take place at Eagle Hall, Hoboken, N. J., on Saturday evening, April 26, at 7:30 o'clock, under the auspices of the employes of H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co.

SULLIVAN defeated Evans in a twenty-four-hour contest at St. John, N. B., April 7, 8. He is said to have accomplished 163 miles, Evans doing 93 miles before retiring, at 7.15 P. M.

AT THE finish of the ten-hour go-as-you-please race in Yonkers, N. Y., April 5, the score was: D. Ryan, 81 miles 3 laps; A. Lawrence Jr., 49 miles 15 laps; P. Murray, 47 miles 5 laps.

L. M. MARCELLUS of St. Johnsville, N. Y., is matched to walk for twenty-seven hours against James Henderson, at Syracuse, N. Y., April 15, 16.

E. R. HOLCOMB of Staunton, Mich., and Harrison Berdan of Wayne had a wrestling-match at Ionia April 4, which was won by Holcomb, who got the first and third falls.

HENRY BLAKE, a bootblack, is alleged to have walked from Providence, R. L., to Boston, Mass., April 7, taking 11 hours to do the journey.

NAGLE, the St. John oarsman, has given up pedestrian contests, and intends to devote his attention exclusively to rowing this season.

WILLIAM SMITH won a ten-hour walking match at Freeport, L. I., April 9, covering a distance of 53¾ miles.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB of Placerville, Cal., gave an exhibition March 21.

AQUATIC.

VERY FAST STEAMING.

We extract the following from *Bell's Life* of March 29: "Messrs. Yarrow & Co., iron shipbuilders of the Isle of Dogs, Poplar, who have always held premier positions in respect to building and engining steam-launches and torpedo-boats, have lately eclipsed all previous efforts in this particular in the shape of a torpedo-boat built to the order of the Admiralty. This boat is 86 feet in length over all, and, viewed broadside on, in her gray priming, has a desperately snaky look. In order to give her a fair trial she was steamed down to Long Reach, and set a task of three runs on the flood-tide, and three runs against. With 124lb pressure the number of revolutions of the engines far exceeded 200 per minute, and when driven at the highest head of speed the vessel simply went through every comber, and sent the waves' heads away in clouds of drift. Whether the highest "mean of means" that the boat is capable of being credited with was actually attained is doubtful, seeing that on the first four first runs the engines were not "let go;" nevertheless, the mean of six runs—calculated by the Admiralty method—reached 21.93 knots, equal to 25¼ statute miles per hour. The boat was put down to the load-line with a weight of about 6¾ tons on board, and the engines worked beautifully smoothly throughout, the vibration when she was doing her "level best" being next to *nil*. The following was the result of the runs:

	WITH TIDE.		AGAINST TIDE.	
	Knots per hour.	Miles per hour.	Knots per hour.	Miles per hour.
Run.	Min. Sec.		Min. Sec.	
1	2m. 37s.	22 26	2m. 52s.	20 93
2	2 33	23 53	2 55	20 57
3	2 30	24 00	2 56	20 45
		23¼		20¾

THE YALE CREW.

Captain Thompson has selected the following men to compose the Yale University crew for 1879:

	Weight.	Age.
	lb.	ft. in. yrs.
No. 1. Philo Carroll Fuller, '81	175	5 10 21
No. 2. Terah Haggin Paterson, Law.	176	6 1 22
No. 3. Otis Hayford Briggs, '81	185	6 2 20
No. 4. Charles Bigelow Storrs, '82	180	6 1 19
No. 5. John William Keller, '80	200	6 1 22
No. 6. George Bliss Rogers, S. S. S.	195	6 3 21
No. 7. Harry Waters Taft, '80	180	6 1¼ 20
Str'ke. Oliver David Thompson, '79	185	5 10 23
Substitutes.		
William Cooper Asay, '80	175	5 10 22
John Burnett Collins, '81	174	5 11 19

The first five are new men, and will need considerable coaching. Capt. R. J. Cook will coach them for a few days, when Livingstone, Hyde and Keator will take them in hand.

THE RARITAN BOAT CLUB of New Brunswick, N. J., have elected the following officers: President, Charles W. Russell; vice-president, Wm. M. Van Ness; secretary, W. H. Way; treasurer, L. L. Janeway Jr.; captain, James Auten. The four who will represent the club on the water during the season soon to open are announced to be S. N. Warren, H. L. Janeway Jr., A. Bishop and C. W. Russell.

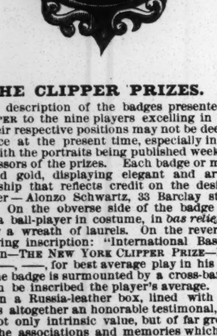
THE SAN FRANCISCO (CAL.) YACHT CLUB held their annual meeting April 4, when the following officers were elected: Commodore, C. H. Harrison; vice-commodore, John D. Spreckels; secretary, C. G. Yale; treasurers, Solon H. Williams and Matthew Turner; trustees—J. Gutte, J. C. Uhler and A. B. Spreckels.

THE NEREUS ROWING CLUB of Flushing, L. I., elected the following officers last week: President, L. M. Franklin; vice-president, R. S. Tucker; secretary, J. Q. Thompson; treasurer, C. A. Willets; captain, J. A. Walker; lieutenant, R. J. Lowden.

THE CREW of the Burlington (Ia.) Boating Association for 1879 is made up thus: C. C. Fowler (bow), C. H. Schenck, C. E. Osgood, John Olvet (stroke).

THE CHICAGO BARGE CLUB has disbanded.

BASEBALL.



THE CLIPPER PRIZES.

A brief description of the badges presented by THE CLIPPER to the nine players excelling in fielding in their respective positions may not be deemed out of place at the present time, especially in connection with the portraits being published weekly of the possessors of the prizes. Each badge or medal is of solid gold, displaying elegant and artistic workmanship that reflects credit on the designer and maker—Alonzo Schwartz, 33 Barclay street, this city. On the obverse side of the badge the figure of a ball-player in costume, in *bas relief*, encircled by a wreath of laurels. On the reverse is the following inscription: "International Baseball Association—THE NEW YORK CLIPPER PRIZE—Presented to ——, for best average play in his position." The badge is surmounted by a cross-bar, on which can be inscribed the player's average. It is inclosed in a Russia-leather box, lined with blue silk, and is altogether an honorable testimonial, possessing not only intrinsic value, but of far greater value in the memories which will hereafter attend it. We might also add that the pennant presented to the Buffalo Club—the International champions—is a handsome and tasty specimen of the handiwork of Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Maiden Lane, this city, being about ten feet square and made of costly blue silk, trimmed with gold fringe, and having inscribed on it "International Champions." The training and skill which the winners of the above-mentioned prizes exhibited in their play last season shows to what perfection the national game may be brought under encouraging influences, and will have a beneficial effect in stirring up the energies of those who may hereafter prove themselves to be more successful competitors for future prizes.

PRIZE GAME AT PROSPECT PARK.

The second match of the series of practice games in which professionals are taking part on the free grounds at Prospect Park, prior to the opening of the professional season at the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, took place on Wednesday, April 9. The fine weather led to a numerous attendance of spectators and players, and at 3.30 P. M. sides were chosen for a prize-ball game, in which the new ball played with is given to the player making the best catch of the match. In this game Schenck and Knowdell formed the battery on the one side, and Quinn and Thompson on the other, the former having the best field-support. After four innings' play Benham took Schenck's place as pitcher on Knowdell's side, and this amateur fielder of the Nameless Club bore off the palm in pitching, not an earned run nor even a base-hit being made off his pitching during the five innings in which he pitched. Five base-hits and one earned run were made off Schenck in four innings' play, he not being in form for pitching, while thirteen base-hits and two earned runs were made off Quinn in the full nine innings. Knowdell's side led off with a score of 3 to 0 of unearned runs, but the close of the fourth inning saw the game a tie, 4 to 4. After that, Thompson's side fielded loosely and allowed their opponents to close the game with a score of 11 to 5. Some fine fly-catches were made during the game, two by Barrett being beauties, they giving him the prize ball. He is unquestionably a fine outfielder, judging balls well, having very active and watchful. Schenck also made a fine running catch while at centre-field, and good fly-ball catches—foul bounds were not allowed—were made by Taylor, Smith, Knowdell, Thompson, Walker, McKee and Quinn. Schenck led at the bat, Knowdell making the next-best display. Walker, a very strong bat, was off his play on this occasion. His base-play, however, was up to his usual high mark. Both Knowdell and Thompson caught well, the latter having the most troublesome pitching to attend to. Smith and Walker made the only double-play. At the close of the sixth inning the score stood at 5 to 4 only, but in the last three innings Knowdell's side added 6 runs to their score, while Thompson's side only added a single, the final result was the success of the former by 11 to 5. John Chapman umpired the game under the National rules, which prohibit the bound-catch of foul balls, and only two chances were offered for such catches in the entire game. The following is the score, giving the chances offered for putting out players from the bat and the chances accepted:

THOMPSON'S.	T.	R.	I.R.	O.	A.	KNOWDELL'S.	T.	R.	I.R.	O.	A.
Thompson, c	4	0	0	16	15	Knowdell, c	5	2	2	9	2
Quinn, p	4	1	1	6	6	Schenck, c. f	5	3	3	3	3
McCabe, 1st b	4	0	0	9	9	Walker, 1st b	5	1	1	10	10
McKee, 2d b	4	1	1	1	1	Smith, 2d b	5	1	1	2	8
Emerson, 3d b	4	2	2	1	0	Curren, 3d b	5	2	3	1	3
Nelson, s. s	4	1	1	4	2	Kessler, s. s	5	0	2	5	4
Barrett, l. f	4	0	1	4	3	Taylor, l. f	5	0	1	3	1
Fox, c. f	4	0	0	1	0	Denham, p	5	0	0	0	0
Corcoran, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	Clenman, r. f	5	1	1	1	0
Totals	36	5	6	41	36	Totals	46	11	13	41	36

First base by errors—Thompson's side, 5; Knowdell's side, 5. Earned runs—Thompson's side, 1; Knowdell's side, 2. Struck out—from Schenck, 3; from Benham, 1; from Quinn, 11. Wild pitches—by Schenck, 2; by Denham, 0; by Quinn, 7. Passed balls—by Thompson, 1; by Knowdell, 2. Wild throws—by Thompson's side, 3; by Knowdell's side, 3. Umpire, Mr. Chapman. Time of game, 1h. 50m.

This was the last game but one of the kind that is to be played at the Park.

THE PROVIDENCE TEAM.

George Wright's new Providence team for 1879 took the field for the first time this season on Wednesday, April 9. The weather was auspicious, the attendance was unusually large for an opening practice-game, and it evinced the interest taken at Providence in the city's new team. The ground was in excellent condition, and the Providence nine had against them a picked field team in which were some of the strongest players of the State clubs and of the Brown University nine. Sullivan and Mathews were the battery on the field-side, and in their field was Cory and Nichols, the two pitchers of 1878. The team included all the regulars, but Joe Start had to change places with O'Rourke in the fifth inning, Joe not being well. Brown caught Ward's pitching in fine style, and the latter pitched with telling effect, eleven players striking out from his delivery. Not a run was earned by the picked nine, and only four base-hits were made off Ward's pitching, of which Mathews made two. The team also showed up well at the bat, scoring two earned runs off Mathews' pitching and seventeen base-hits. Brown put out thirteen players, and had but two errors charged to him. The outfield showed up in fine form, with each man in his right position; and the bases were finely attended to by Start and McGeary, the latter fielding in his old style. Captain George had but one ball come to him, but that was duly attended to. White, the colored lad-of-all-work, did nearly all of the side, and Sullivan caught finely. For a first display it was a good exhibition, and the crowd were delighted at the promise of future excellence which the team displayed. There should be a large gathering when they first meet the Bostons. Unfortunately, they do not play until June. The following is the score:

PROVIDENCE'S.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	PICKED NI'E.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Rorke, r. f.	5	3	3	1	0	0	White, 2d b.	4	3	2	4	3	1
Start, 1b., r. f.	6	2	3	6	0	0	Cory, 3d b.	4	0	0	2	1	3
Hines, c. f.	6	2	3	2	0	0	Nichols, s. s.	3	0	0	2	0	1
Brown, c.	6	0	2	10	3	2	Sullivan, c.	4	0	0	9	2	1
McGeary, 2b.	6	3	1	2	2	0	Flynn, 1st b.	4	1	1	11	1	1
Wright, s. s.	6	2	2	0	1	0	Costigan, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ward, p.	6	1	0	1	3	4	Mathews, p.	4	1	2	0	8	5
York, l. f.	5	2	1	2	0	0	Winslow, r. f.	4	0	0	1	3	1
Hague, 3d b.	5	2	1	2	3	3	Robinson, l. f.	3	1	1	2	0	2
Totals	52	17	17	27	22	9	Totals	34	4	5	27	16	22

Providence	0	3	6	1	2	1	0	0	3	—17
Picked Nine	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1

Reached first base on called balls—Providence, 1; Picked Nine, 1. Earned runs—Providence, 2. Two-base hit—Mathews. First base on errors—Providence, 12; Picked Nine, 4. Struck out—Providence, 1; Picked Nine, 11. Balls called—on Ward, 87; on Mathews, 83. Strikes called—off Ward, 9; off Mathews, 12. Wild pitches—Ward, 1; Mathews, 1. Passed balls—Brown, 2; Sullivan, 1. Umpire, L. R. Hill of the Wanskucks. Time 2h. 10m.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Twelve or more men have been in the gymnasium, working for positions on the nine of Brown University, which is expected to be the best they have had for several years. Much interest is excited in the first Harvard-Brown game, May 3. The Harvards have lost Ernst, their strong point, and have only four of their old nine; and as the Brown nine is stronger than last year, the result will be more doubtful than usual.....A. E. Baxter of Boston, Mass., has organized a nine to represent Baltimore, Md., this season. The club will be called the Baltimore, and the uniform will consist of gray cloth, trimmed with crimson. The nine will include Shaughnessy, pitcher; Ward, catcher; Bresnahan, Crosby and McLaughlin on the bases; Grignon, short-stop, with Sullivan, Callahan and Donovan in the outfield. The Baltimores will have the counsel and advice of A. H. Henderson, a well-known gentleman of Baltimore, and manager of the professional nine of 1872 in that city. All communications should be addressed to A. E. Baxter, Manager Baltimore B. C., P. O. Box 780, Baltimore, Md.....An admirer of the game in this city is making arrangements for a tournament to be participated in by Columbia College, Manhattan College, Seton Hall and Stevens' Institute, and purposes presenting a handsome pennant to the winner of the contest.....Joe Simmons, the manager of the Rochesters last season, is endeavoring to organize a professional nine in Rochester, N. Y.....London, Ontario, which was for three years represented by the Tecumsehs, will content herself with an amateur nine this season. Among the players are Bradley and Smith of the Tecumsehs.....J. H. Mack, for several seasons agent for Haverly's Minstrels, has been engaged to manage the Cleveland's this season.....The fatal effects of a hard-hit, new, elastic, and lively ball was shown in a match played in Philadelphia on March 24, when a young boy named Henry McLaughlin, in attempting to stop such a ball, was hit so violently in the stomach that he died ten days afterwards. Another boy, named Dillon, was hit on the neck by one of these hard balls, which was thrown at him, and the blow broke his neck, causing his death.....The Harvard nine—except the pitcher—has been fixed as follows: Windsor, c.; Harding, 1st b.; Coolidge, 2d b.; Nunn, s. s.; Wood, l. f.; Howe, c. f.; Delano, c. f.; Dalzell, r. f.....The moment it was known that Oscar Walker had been restored to his old position by the League, orders from Buffalo, Troy and Washington came to engage him. The sage of Buffalo captured him, however, and Troy and Washington in vain cry "Walker."..... The Bostons, although without John O'Rourke's services, easily defeated April 9, by a score of 21 to 0, a picked nine, including seven of the team whom they had met with difficulty defeated last day by 3 to 0. Sutton, on this occasion, led in batting for the Bostons, his four clean hits including a couple of two-basers. Jones' only two hits were three-basers.....The Ætnas of Boston played their opening game April 9, their opponents being nearly all of last year's nine. The Ætnas—who won by a score of 7 to 0—appeared in a new uniform, consisting of gray suits with red stockings and caps.....Wheeler signed April 8 with the Cincinnati Club as change-pitcher.....The Chicagos' nine are required to report at their grounds at ten o'clock every morning, and remain until noon, and, returning at two, they practice till five.....Kelly left Philadelphia for Manchester, N. H., on April 7..... J. J. Sparkes umpires National Association games in Philadelphia this season.....At their recent meeting in this city of the schedule-committee of the National Association the following resolution was passed: "Any two clubs may modify the schedule between themselves, provided it does not conflict with dates of other clubs."..... Spalding has abandoned baseball and devotes himself to archery, figuring prominently in the association of archers in Chicago, who commence a great meeting next July.....A San Francisco contemporary dated April 3 says: "It is reported in baseball circles that Nolan, formerly of the Indianapolis Club, will arrive here to-morrow, and play with the Knickerbockers or Eagles." We might add that Nolan has spent the Winter in San Francisco.....Ingenious, if true, is the statement that one of the two professional nines of Albany intend locating their grounds in the southern part of that city, or just out of the six-mile limit mentioned in the League rules, thus enabling them to play League games at the twenty-five-cent price without the interference of the Troy Citys.....John W. Mass, railroad passenger agent, has devised a neat card-poster, advertising his line. The road and its connections are mapped out on a baseball field, the diamond being neatly and prominently displayed. An exciting game is in progress. The batsman is at Evansville, Ind., the umpire at Ashley, Ill., and the spectators at Toledo, O. The pitcher and short-stop are at Nashville, the catcher at St. Louis, the first-baseman at Memphis, the second-baseman at Atlanta, the third-baseman at Cincinnati, the left-fielder at Charleston, the centre-fielder at St. Augustine, and the right-fielder at Mobile..... Baltimore, Md., is to have two professional nines, each known as the Baltimore Club. David L. Foutz is the manager of one, composed of Baltimorians, and A. E. Baxter occupies the same position in connection with a nine hailing from Boston, Mass. A change of name should be made by one of these clubs, otherwise visiting clubs will be put to trouble. .....The Cincinnati ground, it is said, has a seating capacity for 6,500 persons.....The New York Club of this city has been reorganized, and will have a strong nine in the field, including six of last year's team and four new men. They will open play about April 21. All communications should be sent to P. Anderson, secretary New York Nine, 267 Rivington street.....The J. D. Shibe Club of Philadelphia will present the following strong nine this season: O'Neill, catcher and captain; T. Reynolds, pitcher; Delmire, Geo. Reynolds and Lutz on the bases; Fouser, short-stop; with Snyder, Caperoon and Sharsig in the outfield; and Kennedy, tenth man. G. Reynolds, Lutz, Sharsig and Kennedy played last year with the Eckfords, O'Neill with the Athletics, Fouser with the Nationals of Washington, Delmire with the Defiances, Caperoon, the change-pitcher, with the Auburns, T. Reynolds with the Shusters, and Snyder was one of the Cincinnatis of 1876. The Shibes were the amateur champions of Philadelphia for several seasons, and have graduated some fine professional players, including Richmond, Knight, Coons, Williamson and Creamer. The Shibes will play at Oakdale Park, and all clubs visiting Philadelphia this season are requested to communicate with Will. Sharsig, manager J. D. Shibe Club, 408 Columbia avenue, Philadelphia.....The four clubs composing the California League of San Francisco are evenly matched. The Athletics have but one new man—Corpstein, short-stop, who played with the Mutuals of San Jose last year. The Californias have four new men in O'Brien, Sweeney, and McKenna from Philadelphia, and Graham from St. Louis. The Mutuals' new players are Sweeney and "Hewston," the former (catcher) hailing from this city and the latter (a centre-fielder) being a "dark horse" that, it is hinted, will occupy the pitcher's position before long. The Oaklands have a new pitcher —Mast, formerly of the Sacramento Club—who has the reputation of being the swiftest in California. The championship contests of the California League, commencing April 6, will be played this season at Oakland, which is said to be entirely free from wind and dust, and possessing a climate rivaling in salubrity any place in the world. The ground has been sown with grass, and rolled until it presents the appearance of a billiard-table. The buildings on the ground are two grand stands—one reserved for ladies and their escorts—capable of seating 3,000 persons, and so arranged that the spectators have a fine view of the game while protected from the sun.....A paragraph is going the rounds that Morrill and Jones are under engagement to Harry Wright, instead of the Boston Club, and that wherever Harry locates he can take those players with him. All the Boston players are under engagement to the Boston Baseball Association, and not to Harry Wright or any other single person..... The Manchesters opened their season at Manchester, N. H., April 10, their opponents being the Dartmouth College nine. Only seven innings were played, owing to a snowstorm, the Manchesters winning by a score of 11 to 1. Considering the bad condition of the ground, the weather, and the fact that both nines appeared for the first time this season, the game was well played.....The style of uniform heretofore mentioned for the Providence team has been varied somewhat. The color will remain the same, the stockings, belt and tie will be dark-blue, and the cap of gray, with a blue cord encircling it.....The game that was to have taken place April 10 between the Bostons and Harvards was postponed to 14 on account of rain. The Harvards have had four games this year prevented by bad weather.....The local nine of Lowell, Mass., have not yet taken the field.....Stoughton contemplates going to Brockton, Mass., where work is now in progress on the ground.....Sullivan has been engaged by the Troy City Club.....Frank McLaughlin, formerly of the Clintons of Clinton, Mass., has gone to Baltimore to cover third base for the new Baltimore team.....Fifteen baseball players administered an overwhelming defeat at cricket to eleven of the Occident Cricket Club at San Francisco, Cal., March 29, by a score of 128 to 27 in the only inning played..... The Hudson Club's nine of Brooklyn have been reorganized for the season, and they will play games with the Jersey City team on the Centennial Grounds, and the new Atlantic team on the Union Grounds. Their nine for 1879 includes that excellent catcher, Thompson, with Schenck as pitcher, who is very effective, and would be still more so if he were to lower his arm in delivery; the Brothers Farrell will play first and third bases; the two Smiths will cover second base and short field; and the brothers Raleigh left and right-fields, with Morgan at centre-field. Jas. Raleigh will be the change-pitcher. The team as a whole will be a strong one, as the players are familiar with one another's play, Raleigh is the tenth man, and a good change-pitcher.....The Buffalo Club's receipts for 1878 were $21,609, and yet the balance in their treasury at the end of the financial year was but $248.....The Orange Club is reorganizing under Farrow, the old catcher of the Resolute Club of Elizabeth, N. J.....The directors or the Troy Citys will meet Wednesday evening, when the players will be summoned before them and be instructed as to what will be required of them in the way of discipline. The rules adopted for their guidance are very strict, and will be rigidly enforced. Manager Phillips has wisely appointed Bradley field-captain of the Troy nine. He has experience, and, now that he has authority given him, he should learn how to use it properly..... Bonds gets $2,200 for playing baseball three hours for about a hundred days between April and October. It is worth while to be a good professional pitcher. Hauck, the new Boston short-stop, gets but $900 for the same period of service..... The Manchester nine have begun practice. Their team will probably include as catcher either Rowen or that fine catcher Tyng of the Harvard nine of 1878; Leary or Kelly will pitch; Cogswell, Sweazy and Morrissey attend to the bases; and Woodhead play at short-field, with Tipper, Woods and Kelly or Leary in the outfield.....How is Sutton to escape going to Cleveland? is the question bothering Ezra about these times..... All of the members of the Green Stockings of South Bend, Ind., have reported, and are now practicing. .....The Chicago Amateur Baseball Association elected April 8 the following officers: President, Frank O. Parker of the Lake View; secretary, W. W. Waite of the Oakland; treasurer, P. J. Norton of the Dreadnaughts. The Atlantics were admitted to membership in the Association.....The Massachusetts Association includes the following clubs: Ætna of Boston, Atlantic of Peabody, Beacon of Boston, Brockton, Campello, Clinton, Eureka of Lynn, General Worth of Stoneham, King Philip of Rockland, Live Oak of Lynn, and Our Boys of Malden. These are all strong co-operative teams which played good games last season.

A SINGULAR IMPOSTURE AS TO SEX.

[W. W. Long of Philadelphia favors us with a well-preserved copy of *The Pennsylvania Gazette* of Nov. 11, 1789, and from it we extract an article on the career of a noted impostor of the last century. *The Gazette* credits it to a London paper of Aug. 6, 1789.—ED. CLIPPER.]

A few days since was executed in Dublin Edward Caulfield, well known in that and sister countries under the fictitious name of Miss Gore. This extraordinary impostor, in the singularity of his schemes and the success of his adventures, united the characters of Charles Price with that of the celebrated Fanny Davis! Early in life he ran away from his parents, previous to which he showed a strong propensity to appear in the garb of a female. At about nine years of age he left his father, who was a blacksmith in the County Carlow, and, having reached Kilkenny in the paraphernalia of a girl, he was sheltered by a humane farmer, who at length, having detected the imposture, stripped him of his female attire and sent him adrift with a suit of clothes more suitable to his sex. Thus habited, he had the address to obtrude himself on several respectable families as a disciplined female. Having assumed the name of Gore, he declared he was the daughter of a colonel of that name, and was forced to fly from his parents in consequence of having fallen in love with an officer. He was, fortunately, to avoid detection, obliged to have recourse to the indecent expedient of assuming a boy's dress to elude the vigilance of his pursuers. This lamentable story was enough to secure him a welcome from the credulous and humane. In the year 1779 he was brought to this country by an officer, who, either through pity for his misfortunes or a design on *Miss Gore's* chastity, introduced him in London. His sex being detected, he found it necessary to return to his native country.

In the year 1782 he returned to the very county in which he was born, and even his own family were taken in by his deceptions.

THEATRICAL RECORD,

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

☞ Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 3 P. M., MONDAY, April 14.

LADIES' LIST

Anderson, Mary (card.)
Aiken, Mrs. Julia
Armond, Arsenia
Allen, Pauline
Allen, Eloise
Bernard, Marcie (or Eurenie's Blondes)
Bateman, Alice
Beaumont, Stella (3)
Benedict, Mrs. Dell
Booth, Lydia A. C.
Brincombe, Maude (2)
Bethell, Ada (of T. Denier's Co.)
Baker, Mrs. S. A.
Bliss, Mattie (vocalist)
Bernetta, Mlle.
Bishop, Kate
Brevoort, Kate
Beaumont, Nellie
Celeste, Nellie
Coleman Sisters
Combination Crabtree, Lotta
Carlos, Annie (of StandardThea. Co.)
Clifton, Julia
Carlton, Minnie (2)
Conoly, May (of Louie)
Christy, Maggie
Conway, Lillie
Belle-
Cushing, Bella
Crosa, Emma
Duncan, Pearl
DeLange, Minnie
Dillon, Louise
Stoddart's Co.)
Everts, Cora (of Globe Thea., St. Louis)
Foster, Augusta (of McCullough's Co.)
Fielding, Nellie (actress)
Farren, Nellie (soprano and dancer)
Grayham, Tilliejo
o.m. London, Eng.)
Garland, Grace
Gray, Della
Gray, Lotta
Gilmore, Alice
Hughes, Jennie (4)
Hughes, Annie (3)
Hesenburch, Mrs. M. F.
Hunter, Lizzie (vocalist)
Hughes, Mrs. May
Harland, Rose (East Indies p.o.m. &c.)
Howard, Lillie (vocalist)
Isaacs, Ada
Jackson, Jennie (or Jen. Hughes' Co.)
Jefferson, Mrs. Annah
Kurtzwell, Johannah
Leland Sisters
Lawton, Minnie
Leland, Rose
Lee, Pauline (Cuban p. o. m.)
Lehman, Mrs. Paul
Leland, Rose (song-and-dance)
Leslie, Belle
Lynne or Lizzie
Payne, Fannie
Leach, Gussie
Montrose, Nellie
Marshall, Minnie
nn B.
Maddern, Mrs. Lizzie
Marshall, Virginia
Morse, Mrs. Louise
Mayo, Ella
Maynard, Emilie
Morrison, Emma (of Mc. T. Denier's Co.)
Morris, Ida
Neville, Emma J.
Nelson, Sara (p. o. m.)
Dublin, Ireland
Palmer, Jennie (comedienne)

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Arnold, F. (of Harley's Minst.)
Ashley, Robt. (musician)
Allen, Robt. (musician)
Ames, Emile
Avery, F. (of Avery & Serrue)
Avery, Frank (gymnast)
Ardell, D. W.
Burgess, Cool
Blandowski, Mr. (balloonist, cater)
Bryant, J. (of Mack & Bryant)
Blake, S. S.
Burgen, Joe
Braham, Harry (of Rice's Co.)
Bush, I. T.
Baird, J. W. (2)
Boissel Family (3)
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Walker)
Burke, H. A.
Bentley, J. A. (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Burgess, Neil
Brink, C.
Bangor, B. G.
Bowles, Frank
Boniface, G. C.
Binney, Frank
Burnham, Chas.
Bennett, Frank
Bohee, G. (of Bohee Bros.)
Brazzien, Geo. R. (2)
Baugh, T. (of Tony Pastor's Co.)
Bell, F. (of Queen & Bell)
Barry, John
Byron, D. 9c.
Barrett, Lawrence (of Forrest)
Bogert, Geo. (of Mojeska's Co.)
Bolton, W. H.
Carroll, Fred (banjoist)
Clark, Jos. P.
Cary, Ed. W.
Cridwell, Dr. (of H. S. Pinafore Co.)
Coup, W. C.
Clarke, Kit
Cohan, Jerry
Carey, J. M.
Constantine, Chas. (late of St. Louis)
Cooldock, F.
Barnum's (Ctr.)
Carhart, J.
Clifton, H. D.
Carr, James
Conway, T. B.
Cell's Dram. Co.)
Cassin, Jas.
Cragen, G. C. (2)
Cody, W. F.
Curry, Nelson
Cullen, Myron
Daly, Mattot Conway & Daly (fireking)
Ducello, Dan (manager)
Davidson, W. (of Pomeroy's Co.)
Dockstadter, Chas.
Daly, Augustin (2)
DeWitt, T. H.
Diamond, Chas.
Davis, Chas. L.
D'Arre, Wm.
Delchanty, W. (of Delh. & Heug.)
Dillon, J. (of Jas. & Susie)
Eugene & Gaston
Edmunds, J. (of Cotton's Co.)
Eades, Harry
Ellis, Sam
Edwards, J. (of Edward's Comb.)
Emidy, J. (of Harverly's Minst.)
Evans, Jas. S.
Everett, Geo. E.
Emmett & Clark
Emmet, J. (English mark)
Fields, F. (of Morris & Fields)
Frohman, Gustave
France, Geo.
Frohman, D.
F. B. B. (2)
French, J. (of 5th Ave. Co.)
Freier, H.
Foy, P. C.
Forrester, W. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Fuller, Hugh
Flynn, Hugh (Keating & Flynn)
Fagan Barney
Fergerson, Mr. (of Edinburgh's Cir.)
Fay, John H.
Fleury, Fernando (2)
France, Sid.
Fawcett, Owen
Geyer, Frank
Geyer, Bernard (2)
Gorge, Geo. (of Turner & Geyer)
Gaston, A. 13c.

THERE IS A COMMUNICATION for W. J. Chappelle in the Post office, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Nickle, Robt. (pres. Indigitateur)
Oglesby, Dick
Osborn, Harry
Reardon, Prof.
Olmsted, Gus
O'Connor, Jack
Parish & O'Connor (2) 12c.
Ogden, J. E.
Orrin Bros.
Oliver, Jas.
Perkins, Fred (musician)
Parker, Louis
Parker, Davis
Perry Bros.
Parks, John J.
Pedonia, Count
Perry, O. F.
Page, W. H. (of Norton Co.)
Parker, W. J. (stage-manager)
Phillips, Augustus
Potter, W. J.
Queen, Chas.
Raymond, E. L.
Rice, Dan
Reynolds, J. (Agt. Wallack's Co.)
Reese, C. (to Rogers & Vickers) (2)
Rickaby, Joseph
Rainforth, Mr. (of forth)
Rice, Alf. & Eddie (3)
Redwing, Dr.
Rainbolt, Joe
Rice, H.
Rosenbaum, Jr., E. (manager)
Rae, H. W. (p. o. m. Nottingham, Eng.)
Rooney, Pat
Ross, W.
Shepard, G. B.
Swain, S. C. (2)
Swan, S. (aquatic artist)
Swonsbourne, C. H. (2)
Smith, E. (of Smith & Byrne)
Sutcliffe, C. H.
Sutdorff, C. H.
Stowe, Burt
Stephens, W. (of Oliver Thea., St. Louis)
Sautelle, Sig. (Palace of Wonders)
"F. W." (2)
Shay, Harry (mimic & Sca.)
Sullivan, Geo. "Otto"
Winter Garden, Philadelphia
Strakosch, Robt.
Stevens, F. F.
Sullivan & Curdy
Sullivan, E. (of Forbes' Co.)
Shrader, C.
Stanley, Ernest
Sullivan, W. (of Sullivan & Curdy)
Sedley, Geo. (of Roberts' Pant. Co.)
Smith, E. L.
Smith, W. H. (2)
Sadler, Tom
Shepard, B. (female-impersonator)
Sprague, D. J.
Swaine, Sam & Carrie
Sprague, Z. W.
Saville, Gus.
Stevens, D. P. 9c.
Stanwood, Ben (2)
Somers, F. (late of Philadelphia)
Taylor, Hal (Wallace-Villa Co.)
Taylor, Walter
Taylor, J. H. (of Georgia Minst.)
Thompson, Denman
Tallock, L. J.
Thompson, C. D.
Talbott, Billy
Van Wormer, G. H.
Whettoney, Lew
Strakosch's Co.)
Washburn, Al. G.
Whitney, Lew
Walters, Geo. W.
West, Geo.
Ward, Hey-Ward
Warburn, Thos.
Wallace, J. J.
Webster, Wm. (of Waverly's Minx.)
White, Dick (banjoist)
Wood, C. E.
Wingfield, D. J.
Wilson, Geo. W.
Warfield, Tom
Williams, H. A. B. (2) 24c.
Weston, Harry (agent)

Putnam, Katie
Pierce, Emma
Post, Mrs. M. E.
Parker, Lizzie & Georgie
Pomeroy, Louise
Pandora, Marie
Randolph, Bessie (of Fanchon Co.)
Reynolds, Genevieve
Robinson, Mrs. Ce.
Rice, Emma (3)
Richmond, Katie
Richmond, Hattie (of Pinafore Co.)
Rosebo, Nellie (vocalist)
Smithson, Georgiana
Stetson, Louise
Shields, Tillie
Stanley, Clara (vocalist)
Squires, Mad.
Singleton, Agatha
Santley, Isabel (of Rentz's Minst.)
Stanhope, Adele 9c.
St. Felix Sisters (2)
Stoddard, Mary (of Stoddart's Com. Co.)
Shanley, Joseph-ine
Schofield, Imogene
Scanlon, Helen
Tannain, Bertie (3)
Tremour, Blanche
Trenham, Blanche
Vaughn, Effie
Ward & Barry-more's Co.)
Vane, Clara (2)
Watson, Mrs. Louis A.
Windham, Alice
Watson, Bertha
Wynkoop, Mai
West, Zoe

.....Campanini the tenor left the free and unfettered soil of America on Saturday last. Campanini intends campin' in a more sunny climate next season.....Connecticut is a live State, and we have never joined in the crusade against it because of her wooden hams, and gutta-percha steaks, etc. We also live in glass houses should be very careful how we chuck cobble-stones about; or, in other words, let him who is sinless throw the first brick. Haven threatens to visit all the "low variety halls," and make known the names of as many of his congregation as he finds there. That is one of the fruits of Talmage's new departure. And the dear brothers are right. Of what use are religious congregations if they fly off after every fresh song-and-dance man that comes along, or "seek that privacy which the theatre grants" when a minister of the gospel to stand up in his pulpit and read his studied sermon to a diminutive congregation of sleepy comeouters. Let the New Haven brother carry out his threatened invasion of the "low variety halls," and then see.....That puts us in mind of another dissatisfied man—his name is Theodore Joy, and he recently broke out of the Jefferson City (Mo.) Prison.....Theodore evidently believes in Shakespeare's wholesome suggestion: "Let Joy be unconfined."..... The great Joy he unconfined. Barnum brought 'em along a-coming have come; the great show was so long a-coming last Saturday, giving a foretaste of an immense concourse of spectators, at night the opening show was witnessed by a jammd crowd. We new—"What, new—" That's enough of that, now.....And here we wish to impart a bit of information which may be as valuable to certain men as Dick Deadeye's was to Captain Corcoran. This is it: We have just received intelligence from England that in one of the provincial towns over there eighteen valuable beasts have perished in consequence of eating sunflowers. This is there eighteen valuable beasts have-perished in consequence of eating sunflowers. This is dreadful. Sunflowers are the own interests by eschewing the use of yew-trees, thus preventing their menagerie from chewing 'em. We never could see any use in such trees; and as for letting 'em lay around loose, that is suicidal. Let the yews be abolished from further use, and the An enterprising printer shrewdly advertises pedeps, who cut and come again!.....Miss Martha Fairfield makes her first appearance on any stage this evening at the Olympic Theatre. In the language of our sporting friends, may the best man win. A Fairfield, every favor, and may the best man win. [This is slightly altered from the original, but is well-informed and intelligent readers can work it out without any assistance from us.—ED.].....Now, this is reasonable enough: A party advertises in one eighty dollars and act as treasurer for a dramatic association." Many a man would have asked for one hundred dollars instead of eighty, and acted as treasurer himself. Brother Talmage hasn't *all* the people in his flock, you bet.....Harrigan & Hart, inventors and manufacturers of Mulligan's Ball, this week announce the appearance of "nine actual comedians." This is funny, probably, that Shakespeare referred to when, on a hot Summer-day, he exclaimed: "Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt," etc.....In Steele Mackaye, Esquire, who has been on the shelf for a theatre for some time past, has a chance to "Won out for a theatre for some time past, has a chance to "Won out for a theatre at Last." He calls his playhouse the Madison-square Theatre, maybe, it's on Twenty-fourth street west of Fifth avenue. Early this morning, at Gilmore's Garden, there commenced another go-as-you-please contention for money, forty good and healthart contenders starting in this "race for life."..... From out of the forty there should be developed some with an endurance and yet some of *them* are subjected to of physical endurance at times, when an unappreciative public fail to step up to the box-office and pay as you may understand. In honor of the pelts, and their pedal attachments, permit us to run in a few lines:

FROM "H. M. S. P."

Pedestrians, we would like to give you warning—
Indomitable walkers though you are—
We think that soon amenities will be mourning,
If you attempt to carry things too far.
If you attempt to carry things too far.
Chorus.—In which the church-choir "Pinafores" will please sing, and without hinderance:
Each weak and weary sad 'un,
With pain and anguish bare 'un,
Will soon to rest and walking
Will soon to rest and walking
Ha ha ha long 'nta' ta'"

[Repeat the first four lines of verse—Come and meet her.] Sing'.....

.....Jim' says, on reading the bill, that they are comes of not understanding the French language; they come of not understanding the French method of spelling Duke with a little *e* and no *e* at all is open to objection, to say the least.....At Tony Pastor's Opera-house this week you can see an actor who is "Marked for Life." In Marshall, Texas, there is another tragic actor who, if justice is done, is "marked for death".....*Our* Jim' thinks that we have an opportunity to get square for the Custer massacre. At the Aquarium there is a tribe of full-blooded Indians, Iroquois and Comanches, and the far-seeing boy proposes to go for them—to get square him with the gentlemen at the Aquarium for the murder of Custer—but the Jim boy says that they are Indians, and that's enough for him. And men of higher intellectual capacity than Jim' work on the same principle. Lo! the poor Indian is safe from all harm so long as Augustin Daly sighs for managerial honors again, and reports intimates that he is to knock the dust off the Olympic, and present a new sensational play which will make the blood curdle. "I,'Assommoir' is the name of this novelty. Let us welcome the new Augustin era, and give this favorite manager a firm support.....

"The Shaughraun" doesn't seem to meet with general favor nowadays, else why should the "Shaughraun" be interrupted by showers of purple vegetable proditions? This objectionable feature of the play had better be eradicated. "What's eradicated?" It means, Jimmy, to root out. "Why don't you say root out, then?" Because I don't know anything about "eradicated?".....It is said that Rice has made a "Currie of Rice." Sometimes, they curse our comical ideas jibe, at a general thing we give our readers credit for being sharp enough to forgive.—ED.].....A story has lately been going the rounds to the effect that the popular actor Minnie Levick a short time ago discovered that the hostess of the theatre at which he was stopping proved to be his long-lost sister, whom he had not seen for twenty years. We don't know whether to credit this story or not. Nothing has been said about the identification being proved by the mole upon her cheek, or the strawberry upon her cheek. Without these omissions are discovered evidence having an important results fully ask for a new trial on the ground of fresh upon the case. Long-lost brothers and sisters all have either mole or strawberry marks, and we do not propose to make these people an exception to the rule.....The manager of the Union-square Theatre was out of "The Banker's Daughter," so he brings forward servers of "The Lost Children" as a sort of addendum. To observe the "Lost Children" the gushness of Sara Jewett will not be apparent. [Please read will not be *parent;* and think we make a curious ixtaposition with the "children." See!—ED.].....Gilmore's Garden, trying almost everything, has now, while we are doesn't some entertainment call for an elephant fight there? Such a contest would take like fire, and would be a sort of relief from the wearisome the struggle between Mayor Cooper and the Police-commissioners. There is no elephant—worthy of the name—in this country, so if the supply of elephants, and a real good fight would pan out better than "Baby Mine."..... Another evidence of our versatility and cleverness may be found in the following interesting poem, which we composed, with one hand tied behind us, after perusing the valuable theatrical record and amusement advertisements published in that great journal THE NEW YORK CLIPPER. Now look sharp:

A MIXED MEDLEY.

"The Little Duke," poor little man, put on his "Pinafore."
And full of "Whims" went "Through the Dark" to meet "The Banker's Daughter;"
For on "A Scrap of Paper" she had written we're "Engaged."
Though "Spellbound" by "The Danites," who in "Marked for Life" off had sought her,
While sewing "Patchwork" by "The Brook," bold "Conrad the Corsair,"
In telling to "Evangeline" what all his "Hobbies" were,
Was taken with the "Horrors," and attacked poor "Davy Crockett!"
With "A Celebrated Case" knife which he carried in his pocket.
And, using great "Diplomacy," "Struck Oil!" immediately.
"Josh Whitcomb" and "The Sorcerer" with "The Drunkard" asked for "Divorce."
But sent "The Victims," and indulged in "Forty Winks."
"The Woman of the People" made a "Double Marriage"
Though she felt within her "Conscience" that she hadn't "Won out."
Then she met "The Man o' Airlie," who remarked to her in "Fun:"
"I'm looking for 'Lost Children,'" but I've only found "My Son."

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

As a lawyer, Judge Hamilton W. Robinson, who died in this city on April 7, had Edwin Forrest for one of his earliest clients, and defended throughout the famous divorce case. Judge Robinson's stepdaughter became the wife of Judge Joseph P. Daly.....Miss Kate Goodall, now on April 23 to become Mrs. H. C. Townsend of Washington, D. C.....William Simpson, who a few years ago established in the upper part of this city the Arion piano manufactory, died at West Farms, N. Y., on April 6, aged 60 years. He was in the long-ago he was the humble William Simpson, pawnbroker.....Mme. Janauschek, once prominent as a Shakespearian actress, has been giving readings in Steinway Hall, London, Eng. Alphonse Daudet's novel "Le Nabab" has been dramatized, as is probably known to most of our readers. The scene is laid in Paris, and avowedly the original of the Nabab, has protested against further carrying-out of Daudet's dramatic scheme. The author having refused to alter his plans, it was reported that the young Bravay has taken steps to call upon Daudet with a view to arranging a hostile meeting. Daudet has shown that there is any unpleasantness.....Mlle. Marco (Miss Kate Smith) is to sue Strakosch for about $1,800, alleged to be due her for a season of about six weeks, beginning April 3, she was to have put in three parts in San Francisco under the management of Max, who failed to fulfill his contract because he suddenly found it possible to make Patti appear instead.....Minnie Hauk accompanied by her mother, sailed from here on April 10 for Liverpool, Eng. Josephine Yorke and Miss Rhoda and Carl Gaylord, who belong to America, though Scandinavian in Lon past, are expected home soon on a flying visit.....Good Buttercup" is the latest addition to the list of "Pinafore" parodies. The libretto it is, who weighs delphia Zoological Garden.....The sum of $1,000 was two pounds, and is the largest ever paid for a single Thomas' semi-centennial Festival in Philadelphia, in May, 1874.....Another evidence of our versatility and cleverness may be found in the following interesting poem, which we composed, with one hand tied behind us, after perusing the valuable theatrical record and amusement advertisements published in that great journal THE NEW YORK CLIPPER. Now look sharp:

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Though she felt within her "Conscience" that she hadn't "Won out."
Then she met "The Man o' Airlie," who remarked to her in "Fun:"
"I'm looking for 'Lost Children,'" but I've only found "My Son."

CITY SUMMARY.

THE CIRCUS.—Springtime, among its perennial pleasures, is the harbinger of the circus and menagerie, prolific with keen enjoyment to the rising generation, and not totally devoid thereof to those passing down the declivity of life, who, under the plausible guise of "amusing the children," find an opportunity of re-enjoying the pleasures of their adolescent days. Inclemency of the weather compelled Mr. Barnum to postpone the processional display of his "Greatest Show on Earth," as organized for the season of 1879, from Thursday morning until Saturday, April 12, when, at eight o'clock sharp, the line of the American Institute Building, Sixty-third street and Third avenue, and passed over the route published in our past issue. The sidewalks were heavily laden with people, who cheered vociferously as the various attractive features came in view. A herd of six camels, with a dozen or more dromedaries and a large and an equally large number of zebras headed the procession, which was directed by P. T. Barnum in person, and whose presence at the head of the line was a signal for the unfurling of the many gilt and bright-colored pennants; some of the interiors of these were exposed to view, notably those in which a trained cockatoo was to perform a variety of feats, and a swarthy Hindoo caused the display of numerous serpents, including the monster snakes to coil about his person. The display of blooded horses was also a large and attractive one, and elicited numerous comments among attention. There were numerous chariots, which, in the case of Neptune, representing that monarch of the sea-born bride, surrounded by tritons riding dolphins; the chariot of the Goddess of Health, with Withers' brass band; and the chariot of Queen Victoria, with representatives of all nationalities attired in appropriate costumes, were much admired. Among the many camels were seen one entirely white, and a herd of two coal-black in hue. A steam calliope, at intervals emitted musical sounds, loud and shrill, and a chariot contained a chariot of bells which, when drawn by diminutive ponies, was a large cavalcade of Keeler, a dwarf, and there was a large cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen on horseback in costume. Upon returning to the American Institute it was found that much time had been occupied in the procession that it would be impossible to give the opening performance at 2 matinée, as had been intended, and Mr. Barnum addressed the large audience who had assembled and directed that the money paid for tickets would be refunded. At 8 o'clock that evening the initial performance was given in presence of a large audience, and all the available standing-room crowded. After a processional pageant and Oriental entrée, which riveted attention, the various performances, consisting of Captain Goshen, the Equestrienne, a tatooed Greek Captain Costentens, a talented Palestine giant; and Minnie Keeler, dwarf—were introduced. Carl Antonio directed the trained stallions Mamaluke and Pasha through a varied difficult evolutions, William Barnum to postpone the processional display of his globes and a long table. Signora Marcellus, who possesses both beauty of face and figure, rode a pony in capital act, which was characterized by equestrian James Holloway, an excellent clown, durdaring, which was applauded to the echo. Professor Fairweather, in the baloon ascension, and W. H. Wilder, as the bank-messenger in the prologue and as Bloodgood's own man in the drama invented both parts with appropriate individuality; Harold Forsberg depicted the peculiarities of Gideon Bloodgood the banker in an effective manner; H. D. Gale as Paul Fairweather and J. Clinton Hall as Mark Livingston were both meritorious; W. H. Lytell's Mr. Puffy was humorous; Ed. Lamont's Dan Dandelion was a good character. As the drama progressed it was found that the performance was being unusually long, and that it is highly entertaining was not thought advisable to curtail it, as the audience, with the almost constant ripples of laughter attested by the almost constant thunder of applause which greeted his efforts wherever he was in the presence of the audience, was quite satisfactory. C. H. Thompson played the old sea-captain, and Miss Fairweather, in the prologue quite naturally; and W. H. Wilder, as Bloodgood's own messenger in the prologue and as Bloodgood's own priate individuality. Harold Forsberg depicted the peculiarities of Gideon Bloodgood the banker in an effective manner; H. D. Gale as Paul Fairweather and J. Clinton Hall as Mark Livingston were both meritorious; W. H. Lytell's Mr. Puffy was humorous; Ed. Lamont's Dan Dandelion was a good character. As the drama progressed it was found that the performance was being unusually long, and that it is highly entertaining was not thought advisable to curtail it, as the audience, with the almost constant ripples of laughter attested by the almost constant thunder of applause which greeted his efforts wherever he was in the presence of the audience, was quite satisfactory. C. H. Thompson played the old sea-captain, and Miss Fairweather, in the prologue quite naturally; and W. H. Wilder, as Bloodgood's own messenger in the prologue and as the bank-president in the drama invented both parts with appropriate individuality;

KIRALFY BROS.' "DELUGE" was produced at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, 7, and ran throughout the week. It was handsomely placed on the stage and neatly acted. Attendance only moderate.....'Almost a Life," by the New York Standard Theatre Company, for one week, commencing 14; McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard in "The Danites," 21, one week; Tony Pastor and his combination, 28.....Atkins Lawrence benefited afternoon of 10, playing Romeo to the following six Juliets: Ballroom Act, Miss Maude Stuart; Balcony Act, Miss Effie Johns; Marriage Act, Miss Margaret Muhlanbring; Parting Act, Miss Helen Houghton; Potion Act, Miss Lillie Hinton; Tomb Act, Miss Imogene. There were some changes from the names originally advertised, as was also the case with the remainder of the cast, W. E. Sheridan not playing Mercutio, as he had been announced to do. The full cast was: Mercutio, A. R. Brooks; Benvolio, J. B. Mason; Tybalt, G. W. Wessell; Friar Laurence, J. F. Dean; Peter, G. W. Howard; Paris, J. P. Mayin; Capulet, R. W. Turner; Apothecary, O. A. Skinner; Balthazar, W. Wood; Page, Julian Reed; Lady Capulet, Julia Porter; Nurse, Mrs. C. Henry. Everybody in the bill volunteered. Ella Montejo was announced to sing between the first and second acts, but, she being unable to do so on account of illness, Mr. Lawrence appeared before the curtain, and in a neat speech, in which he returned thanks to his friends for their presence, apologized for her absence, and announced that Miss Helen Houghton had kindly offered to give a recitation, which she did. The house was fair, and would have been very large had not the weather been stormy.....Sam Hemple benefited 12, the bill consisting of "The Post of Honor," "Doing Bantam" and "The Deluge." A silver pitcher was awarded of the worst conundrum.....C. M. Southwell, treasurer, and A. R. Bradshaw, box-bookkeeper, benefit afternoon of May 6.

WILLIAM R. LAURENS died of paralysis of the brain in Middletown, N. Y., April 8, in the forty-third year of his age. While a resident of Rhode Island he was the originator of the dramatic profession reversed his name and changed the orthography of a portion of it because several others persons named Brown were engaged in the same theatre, was born in Boston, Mass., in July, 1836, and there learned the trade of a bookbinder. About 1854 he went to California, where for two or three years he found employment as a journalist. During the season of 1858-9 he entered upon his theatrical career in the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., and during the two following seasons he played under the management of Thomas Maguire and the late McKean Buchanan in various portions of that State; also in Nevada and Oregon. He next became a member of Maguire's regular company, performing in San Francisco and Virginia City. He next played in Montreal, Can., during the season of 1860-1. In September, 1864, in company with Charles R. Thorne Jr. R. G. Marsh, Madame Duret, Miss Clifton and others, he sailed for Hong Kong, China, where they opened during the following December. While there he married Miss Margaret Deering. With this company he afterward visited Singapore, the Isle of Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, etc., playing in the larger cities. Mr. Laurens acting many of the leading parts and performing the duties of manager. At Alagoa Bay, one of the settlements in Africa, Mr. Laurens and he married Miss Josephine Shropshire, one of three sisters formerly members of the Marsh Troupe of Juvenile Comedians, and then traveling with Mr. Laurens' company. Miss Clara Shropshire is now the wife of Louis Aldrich, who is playing the Parson with McKee Rankin's "Danites" Combination; and Miss Mattie Shropshire is now Mrs. A. O. Norton, and in retirement in New Haven, Ct. in March, 1866, they returned to the Isle of Mauritius, and soon afterward sailed for Boston, Mass., where they arrived in the succeeding July. During the season of 1866-7 he was the leading heavy-man at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and was next engaged with William Henderson in Pittsburg, Pa., and subsequently with Barney Macauley in Cincinnati. When the Union-square Theatre, this city, was first opened for dramatic performances, Sept. 17, 1872, Mr. Laurens was a member of the company. Of late years he had been off the stage on account of ill-health, with whom his wife has played Eleanor Vaughn during the past three years, and she acted Lucy Fairweather in "The Streets of New York" in the Grand Opera-house, in this city, April 7, the night preceding being his benefit, since. As he had been stricken with paralysis of the brain some months ago, his death was not entirely unexpected. Deceased was a member of the Actors' Order of Friendship. His remains were conveyed to New Haven, Ct., where his funeral took place at one o'clock p. m. April 11, from the residence of his brother-in-law, A. O. Norton. While the deceased may not have been considered a brilliant actor, he was ever studious, cultured and correct. He had an enthusiastic love for his art, and he gathered it clustering quickly to win for him the esteem and respect of those with whom he came in contact. He possessed a liberal knowledge of scientific matters and general literature, and was well versed in the Latin, Greek, French, German and Italian languages. In private life he was a kind husband, a good citizen and an upright man.

CINCINNATI, O., DRAMATIC AFFAIRS to April 11 run as follows: "Lawrence Barrett opened in the Grand Opera-house 7 in 'A New Play,' which was repeated 8, 12, and matinee 9. Haverly's Mastodons opened 9, 'Richelieu' 10, 'Shylock' and 'David Garrick' 11, and 'David Garrick' matinee 12. Friday evening was set apart for a complimentary benefit to Manager Steele, the house being filled. Business the rest of the week was very fair. Mr. Barrett's impersonation of Hall was new to the city and made a marked impression, ranking with his Cassius. The support rendered by George Morton, L. F. Rand, H. R. Norman, Charles Plunkett, L. R. Warwick, Helen A. Tracy, Mollie Mackenzie, Addie Cavanaugh, Amelia Hodges and Libbie Noxon was commendable. Mr. Barrett plays next week in various towns between Bloomington, Ill., and Omaha, Neb., under management of John Collins. Emerson's Minstrels follow the Mayos 14, Haverly's Mastodons 21, and Lotta Morris 28....'Led Astray' was put on at Heuck's 14, and has drawn moderately during the week. Edward Arnott and Rose Lisle appeared to strong advantage as Rodolph and Amande respectively, and were well supported by James Douglas as Hector Placide, Winston Murray as De Lesparre, J. P. Sullivan as O'Hara, F. E. Jamison as Mount Gosline, and the Misses Josie Batcheider, Charlotte Neville, and Kate Bilsland. Mr. Arnott and Miss Lisle close 13, returning to New York. Frank Frayne opens 14....Clara Morris is in town, rehearsing

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY appear in Portland, Me., April 14, 15, 16, 17. Miss Norah Bartlett of Portsmouth, N. H., makes her debut with the company in Portsmouth 18 as Julia in "The Hunchback." The lady is a pupil of Miss Rachel Noah.

MR. AND MRS. J. C. WILLIAMSON go upon the New England Circuit, opening in New Bedford, Mass., April 21, Lawrence 22, Nashua, N. H., 23, Concord 24, Manchester 25, Burlington, Vt., 26; thence to the Theatre Royal, Montreal.

FARRAR & PARSONS' "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupe are to be in Brimfield, Mass., 14, Palmer 15, Stafford Springs 16, Monson 17, Amhurst 18, Ware 19.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," by the Anthony & Parsons' Troupe, is announced in Ipswich, Mass., 14, Georgetown 15, Amesbury 16, Newburyport 17, Manchester, N. H., 18, Concord 19.

THE BOSTON "PINAFORE" COMPANY perform in Dover, N. H., 14, Biddeford, Me., 15, Brunswick 16, Portland 17, Bangor 18, 19, St. John, N. B., 21, 22, 23.

JOSEPH PROCTOR, under the management of J. C. Myers, appears in Ansonia, Ct., 14, Waterbury 15, Winsted 16, New Britain 17, New Haven 18, 19, Hartford 21.

JOS. K. EMMET and combination played to excellent business the past week in Albaugh's Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md. Salsbury's Troubadours open there 14.....Jean Coombs' Combination open in the Academy of Music 14 in "Engaged."

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS appeared in the Portland (Me.) Theatre April 10 to a packed house, "Standing-room Only" being displayed soon after the doors were opened. Their route is Baltimore, Md., 14, Albany 21, each one week, Philadelphia 28, two weeks.....Boston Theatre Company 14, four nights and matinee; Boston Museum Company remainder of the week.

GOTTHOLD & RIAL'S "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupe are to be in Columbus, O., April 18, 19.

THEATRICAL AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., up to April 13, are thus reported by our regular correspondent:

The past week at the Globe Theatre was devoted to the benefit of the Boston Fireman's Charitable Association, the attraction offered by Manager Stetson being the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence and reproduction of "The Mighty Dollar." The support was excellent, Alice Harrison making a fresh and charming Libby Ray, and, with W. H. Young as Charley Brood, made the love-scene of great interest and jollity. Ed. J. Buckley, Chas. A. McManus, Walter Treville and Frank Sanger, respectively, played Roland Lane, Col. Tom Dart, Arthur Lemaitre and Lord Cairngorm, and Emmie Wilmot, Katie Baker, Miss Hart and Lulu Sylvester, played Clara Dart, Blanche Mossthorne, Miss Hopeful and Laura, all giving their best efforts toward the general good results. The same excellent mounting was given the drama as on its original production here, and the theatre was crowded nightly, the association for which the benefit was given realizing a handsome sum. J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore open 14, for one week; Modjeska 21, for a like period; Lawrence Barrett announced for 28; the Howard Athenæum evening 7: but Mr. Fechter was laboring under a severe attack of gastric fever, to which he has been subject for the past two years, and was unable to dress for the character, and at a quarter past eight o'clock appeared before the curtain, stated the nature of the trouble under which he was laboring, and dismissed the audience, the theatre being closed for the night. Mr. Fechter so far recovered as to be able to play Lagadere the following evening, and the first performance of the season on the night we were present (9) he had not fully regained his usual robust health, and the representation was less striking and vivid than some occasions when his health was respectable. Frank Hardenberg playing Carrickfergus with much humor and spirit, and Miss Lillie Eldridge as Blanche de Nevers, a most charming creature. George Metkiff has played the Prince de Gonzague before in Boston, and made a conventional villain; J. C. Padgett extracted some humor from the part of Hector Peyrolles, and Madame Yaw and C. Michels did Mrs. Bradley very good as the Duchess and Zillah. The remaining characters were cast to J. R. Grismer, Charles Stedman, Charles Herbert, F. S. Hartshorn, J. H. Howard, Joseph Bannister, F. McCabe, J. Gardiner, G. R. Hill, and Miss Grace Wilder. Several new sets of scenery were shown, painted by J. S. Schell, and fair-sized audiences were present during the week "Black and White," in which Mr. Fechter made so profound an impression during the last weeks of his management of the old Globe Theatre, is announced for 14, and it will conclude his four weeks' engagement at this house.....The New York Criterion Comedy Company filled out the past week at the Bijou Theatre, presenting "Caste" till 10. "Our Boys" was announced for 9, but it was deemed advisable to give it the go-by, and "Caste" substituted. "Our Boys" was presented for the remainder of the week. A "Pinafore" company, the new members of which are T. Burgis and W. Hall, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club return 14.....The revival of "My Sob," with the original cast, at the Boston Museum 7 was attended with success, business being excellent. It was repeated after the matinee performance 12, and on that evening Mrs. J. R. Vincent received a benefit, offering "A Happy Pair" and the late Dr. Jones' local drama "The Silver Spoon," with a recitation by George Riddle. An audience large in numbers and demonstrative in applause was in attendance. For this week first times of the late Parisian success "Nine in Boots" (Le Chat Botte), and special engagement of the four St. Felix Sisters for the ballet.....Miss Genevieve Ward played in the Boston Theatre Jane Shore four times, Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII," 12, and "The Merchant of Venice," and Lady Macbeth once each. In these opposite characters she displayed an artistic versatility, good elocution and fine conception, only wanting personal magnetism to make them completely satisfactory. Business for the week fair. 14, first presentation at this theatre of "The Two Orphans," and the following cast, musically the strongest ever given this operetta: Captain Corcoran, M. W. Whitney; Sir Joseph Porter, Benjamin C. Barnabee; Ralph Rackstraw, Edward Kent; Dick Deadeye, George B. Frothingham; Bill Bobstay, Arthur Hitchcock; Tom Bowlin, George R. Titus; Bob Becket, Frank Graham; Josephine, Miss Mary Cary; Hebe, Isabella McCullough; Josephine, Miss Mary Beebe; Hebe, Miss George Cayvan; Tom Tucker, Little Gertrude. .....The New York Park Theatre will be inaugurated 14, with Gilbert's "La Cigale," as the first attraction, given by Abbey & Schoeffel's company, composed of J. J. Sullivan, Frank Bennett, W. H. Wallis, Clement D. Bainbridge, Ed. Marble, H. B. Bradley, Miss Lillie Post, Miss Lizzie P. Cooke, Parker, White and Master Cooke, Mrs. Charles Poole, and the Misses Agnes Proctor, Cameron and Doyle. Acts will appear each evening except Saturday, and at the matinee of that day, a special performance being given by the company alone on that night. The office for the sale of seats was opened at 8 o'clock on the morning of 10, and in less than one hour all the desirable places for the opening night were disposed of, the number being limited to ten to each buyer. The rule did not prevent speculators from securing a large supply, and the prices asked by them are an advance from $2 to $5 each above the regularly quoted box-office rates. We were privileged to view the interior of the new theatre 12, and, though matters were in a chaotic state, enough was seen to warrant the statement that it is as elegant, if not more so, than any theatre as can be found in the country. The house is of the right size for these times, the exact seating accommodations being as follows: Orchestra circle, 196; orchestra circle, 139; dress circle, 250; family circle, 221; gallery, 180; making a total of 1,125, with standing-room for several hundred more. Overflow houses will not be utterly impossible in a place of this size. The seats in the orchestra are most luxurious, comfortable and roomy, while those in other portions of the house afford ample space; the pitch of the main floor and galleries and the arrangements of the seats render a poor one impossible. The executive force is: Lessee and manager, H. E. Abbey; business manager, W. H. Wilson; treasurer, Francis G. Harding; advertising agent, E. R. Byram; musical director, E. M. Catlin, who will conduct an orchestra of fourteen pieces; stage-manager, Joseph Brennan; property chief usher, W. R. Holmes; doorkeeper, J. F. Villa; scenic artist, J. S. Schell; master machinist, J. D. Lundy; master of properties, J. H. Mansell; gas-engineer, Thos. Hughes.....Miss Genevieve Ward sails for Paris 16, and commences an engagement at the Theatre Historique 30, opening as Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII." A subscription list for the benefit of the family of the late C. Porter has been opened by Treasurer George H. Tyler of the Gaiety Theatre.....Charles Furbish was seen in town during the past week.....Frank C. Bangs is likely to return to the Boston Museum next season.....Edward E. Rice of the Surprise Party was in the city 10, superintending the removal of the new scenery for that piece to the burlesque of "Revels," which is to be produced at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, May 5.....Eliza Weathersby's Frolicsome and N. C. Goodwin Jr. opened at the Globe Theatre 28, and will be succeeded May 5 by Robson and Crane.....A new and commodious ticket-office is being constructed in the Gaiety Theatre.....Little Rosebud, of the Rice Surprise Party this week.....Harry Edwards is beginning to be appreciated in Boston; he remains at the Boston Theatre next season.....'Cowan, of Maine, by Himself," a new five-act drama, has been finished by J. Tyman Faxon of Quincy, Mass.....The injunction restraining the Criterion Comedy Company from performing "Whims" has been removed, and full permission granted the company to continue its representation.....J. K. Emmet in "Fritz" is one of the coming attractions at the Gaiety Theatre.

ANNIE PIXLEY, supported by McDonough & Fulford's Combination, played to large audiences at Reading, Pa., 8 in "Miss."..... The support was good, particularly J. E. McDonough's Yuba Bill, T. J. Hind's Bummer Smith, and T. B. Millen's Judge Bewsinger. Pixley plays under Miller & Miller in Pittston, Pa., 15, Plymouth 16, Danville 17, Williamsport 18, 19.

"SPY, TURNCOAT" is the title of a new play dramatized by Mrs. T. Miller from the well-known novel by "Ouida." It is shortly to be produced at one of our city theatres. The dramatization has received a favorable endorsement for its strength as an acting play from those who have read it. Some novel scenic effects are to be introduced. The play is in five acts, and has been copyrighted. It can be secured by addressing Thomas Miller, as per card.

LIZZIE MADDERN, a favorite actress, and of a family that has several representatives on the stage, died in St. Louis on the night of April 10, it is reported. Her line was old women, and she had played mainly in St. Louis and Cincinnati, in the latter of which her sister, Mrs. Amelia Hodges, is at present engaged. She is also her brother Richard, leader of orchestra. She died of pneumonia.

MUSICAL.

"PINAFORE" terminated its successful run at the Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, April 12, on which occasion it was given for the 104th time. Its centennial performance 9 was celebrated by the presentation of an elegant souvenir programme and a bouquet to every lady, and a wooden ruler to every gentleman. These rulers were meant to represent Sir Joseph Porter, the *ruler* of the Queen's Navy, and were said to be made of the timbers of "Pinafore." At one performance during the week, Belle Mackenzie was presented with a box containing a handsome doll, dressed like herself as Hebe. John H. Gardner (Ralph) benefited 8, when Ella Montejo, who had volunteered, appeared as Josephine in the second act, Florence Davenport playing the part in the first. He received some handsome floral offerings. Master Frank Thorpe, midshipmite, benefited afternoon of 12, the house being literally packed. He was presented with a handsome bouquets and a handsome silver-mounted ruler. At the end of the first act the little fellow thanked his friends in a graceful, well-worded speech. Between the acts Baby Belle Goodman, who can scarcely talk plainly sang Buttercup's song very correctly. It may be of interest to note that during the thirteen weeks of "Pinafore" there were three Josephines, Blanche Chapman, Lizzie Annandale and Florence Davenport; four Buttercups, Henrietta Vaders, Lizzie Annandale, Blanche Thompson and Belle Mackenzie, the last playing it only one night, when she doubled it with Hebe. A. H. Denham (Sir Joseph Porter), J. Garner (Ralph), S. G. Young (Capt. Corcoran), F. M. Pearson (Dick Deadeye), John Reibert (Boatswain), Belle Mackenzie (Hebe), Master Frank Thorpe (midshipmite), and Blanche Thompson (originally one of the chorus, but for the last three weeks Buttercup) sang at every performance, and the same is true of many members of the chorus. Afternoon of 14, 15, and 16, "Pinafore" will be done by a party of children, cast thus: Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. R., Harry Davenport; Ralph Rackstraw, Miss Jennie Prince; Captain Corcoran, J. R. Smith; Dick Deadeye, F. W. Haedrick; Bill Bobstay, R. Schmidt; Tom Tucker (midshipmite), Baby Bellefonte Smith; Rob Becket, C. Minchin; Tom Bowlin, Harry Wagner; Josephine, Miss Nellie Everest; Little Buttercup, Miss Dallie Williams; Hebe, Miss Lillie Parslow; First Aunt, Miss Leo Coles; and a chorus of seventy-five children's voices.....Joseph Jefferson begins a two weeks' engagement 14, playing Rip Van Winkle the first week, and several other characters, Bob Acres among them, the second.

"TRIAL BY JURY" and "H. M. S. Pinafore" still run at the North Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia. The audiences continue large. There have been some changes in the cast since last reported. D. Howard now playing the Captain, vice Eugene Clarke, Hattie Arnold playing Josephine, vice Louise Leighton, and Mrs. Thayer playing Buttercup, vice Laura Joyce. The last-named is announced to reappear as Buttercup 14, and Ella Montejo is to resume Josephine 14, 16, 18, and afternoon 19, Hattie Arnold playing it at the other performances during the week. Sullivan's romantic opera "The Contrabandista" is underlined for 21.

A SEASON OF "Frog Opera," with pollywog chorus, is to be given in Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., April 17, 18, 19, for the benefit of the Homeopathic Hospital there.....The Remenyi Concert Combination appear in Library Hall 16.....A musical programme, etc., will be presented by the Literary and Philharmonic Society of the Pittsburg Catholic College in the Fifth-avenue Lyceum 14.

POPULAR BANJO MUSIC, including overtures, medleys, marches, etc., can be obtained at Al. Bauer's advertised address.

E. A. ANDRE, leader of orchestra and band, xylophonist and musical speciality artist, is disengaged, and can be addressed as per card.

INFORMATION is WANTED of Frank Baldwin, who left his father's home, in Essex, Essex County, N. Y., twenty-five years ago, he being then about eighteen years of age. The only information his relatives have since received of him is that he was then hired by some parties in New York to play the violin. Any person having knowledge of his present whereabouts, if living, or his last place of residence, if dead, will confer a great favor upon his brother by communicating it to this office.

COOL BURGESS & SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS, who opened a season in Eastport, Me., April 7, to a reported large business, are billed in St. John, N. B., 14, 15, Windsor 16, Halifax 17, 18. W. G. Davis, business-agent of the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, who was reported to have been engaged by the Berger Family, joined this combination instead.

W. M. HOGAN, leader of band and orchestra, soloviolinist and cornet-player, at present leader at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., will be at liberty June 1 to engage for the Summer months. See card.

ROWE'S POPULAR ORCHESTRA MUSIC is advertised, with prices, in this issue.

J. W. PEPPER has just published selections from "Pinafore" for orchestra and piano. He also advertises other new music.

S. S. STEWART'S BANJOS can be found advertised in this issue. Mr. Stewart is to become a Benedict on April 14, and will reside at 3,947 Aspen street, West Philadelphia, Pa. He will still keep his instruction-rooms at 831 Arch street.

PROF. M. O'REARDON, composer and tumbleronian performer, can be addressed care of this office.

GILMORE'S BAND played in Erie, Pa., April 10, Toronto, Ont., 11, 12; thence to Hornellsville, N. Y., 15, Elmira 16, Ithaca 17. Business is reported good.

AT HOOLEY'S, Chicago, Ill., the Hess Opera Company have drawn fair assemblages. "Faust" was presented 9, "Chimes of Normandy" 8, 12, "Paul and Virginia" 9 (Miss Emma Abbott's benefit) 11, matinee 12, "Il Trovatore" 10, "Rose of Castile" at the matinee 11, instead of on Wednesday, as usual, in consequence of Miss Mohtague's illness 9. The novelty of the week was the first production here of "Paul and Virginia," which attracted the most attention and good-sized audiences. The troupe goes to Lafayette, Ind., 14, Indianapolis, 15, 16, Columbus, O., 17, Zanesville 18, Wheeling, W. Va., 19, Washington, D. C., week of 21.....At McVicker's "Pinafore" proved fairly remunerative during its third and last week. It sails into the port of St. Louis 14 under the pilotage of Mr. Duff. Max Maretzek has been there the past week rehearsing the chorus.....At McCormick Hall Pratt's Symphony Concert is set down for 16.

MANAGER JOHN T. FORD'S original company will perform "H. M. S. Pinafore" in the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., this week, and will be followed 21 by Hess's English-opera Company.

MISS EVA MILLS is to sing Josephine in Henderson's "Pinafore" Company, which commences a tour of the New England circuit in New Haven, Ct., April 16.

GILMORE'S BAND, assisted by Levy the cornetist; Bernhard Mollenhauer, violinist; and Miss Isabel Moore, solo vocalist, gave a concert in Cleveland, O., April 8, to a large audience.....The Mendelssohn and Schubert Quartet are to give a concert 17.

DICK OGLESBY'S TROUBADOURS, Bellringers and Surprise Party is being reorganized. "Manager," who advertises, would like to hear from Georgie Dean Spaulding, the Ward Brothers, and Carrie Voos. Mr. Oglesby is at present with the Katie Putnam Company.

A NUMBER of instrumental performers and singers, all colored people, are wanted by Fr. Riephof, who advertises elsewhere. They are to perform in Hamburg, Germany, and capital prices and future care are wanted.

DRIESBACH'S juvenile female brass and string band can be engaged by applying to the advertised address.

THE YOUNG APOLLO CLUB is to sing in New Brunswick, N. J., April 14, Bordentown 15, Burlington 16, Mt. Holly 17, Rahway 18, Elizabeth 19, Newark, 21, 22, Princeton 23, and Bloomfield 25.

C. H. SPRAGUE, the "Frank" of Sweatnam's Minstrels, advertises for an engagement with a minstrel or concert party.

THE BALTIMORE (Md.) MUSICAL UNION produce the cantata of "The Pilgrims" there 16; H. B. Brown, director.

"QUEEN ESTHER" is to be sung in Brighton, Mass., 16, 17.

"PINAFORE" is to be sung in Boston, Mass., after the previous Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md. The noteworthy event of the week was the successful benefit of Hon. Patrick S. Gilmore, which was a great success, and a hit as Dick Deadeye.....Haverly's Minstrels open 14.

THE LILLIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY appear in Shelburne Falls, Mass., 14, Greenfield 15, Fort Plain, Montgomery, N. Y., 16, Hoosick Falls 17, Greenfield, Mass., 18, Brattleboro, Vt., 19, Bellows Falls 21, Keene, N. H., 22.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.—Jack Langdon's company of colored singers called the New Orleans Jubilee Vocalists gave a concert in the Melonaon April 7.....Charles N. Allen again assumes charge of Bunnell's Ocean Grove House, Newark, for the coming Summer; Brown's Brigade Band are engaged at Congress Spring Park, Saratoga.....The Orpheus Musical Society has lost one of its founders in Wauwatosa, Wis. The arrival of Mendelssohn, and a memorial service in his honor will soon be held.....The profits arising from the concert given in Tremont Temple for the benefit of the Gloucester sufferers amounted to $7,761; contributions of $100 and $50 swelled the gross amount to $427.59.....The benefit tendered Eugene Thayer by the New England Conservatory of Music was given in Music Hall 9.....The fourth and last instrumental concert by the Euterpe was given in Mechanics' Hall 9.....The New England Conservatory of Music will give a concert in Music Hall afternoon of 9.....Public rehearsals of Bach's Passion Music were given in Music Hall afternoons of 9, 10, Miss Sarah L. Woods and Etta Moore, rife-shot, Minnetta Beebe on the former occasion. Public performances of the same were given in Music Hall afternoon and evening of 11, the soloists being Miss Hattie Houston, Minnetta Beebe, Miss Edith Abell, William Courtney, John F. Winch, Myron W. Whitney, Edouard Remenyi, leading and solo violinist, and Charles Gilday, harpist. The Cecilia Society, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn, with B. J. Terry as organist. "Judas Maccabeus" is to be sung 13, with Miss Fanny Kellogg Smith, Miss Annie Cary, Whitney, Courtney and William Courtney and Myron W. Whitney, tenor and bass.....An Old Folks' Concert, complimentary to Grandpa Baldwin, of Medford, was given in Lyceum Union in Tremont Temple 16.....Madame Julia Rive-King makes her last appearance for the season at Mechanics' Hall afternoon of 12.....Charles Gilday, harpist of

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Nounou,"

a new comedy by MM. Hennequin and De Najac, and which is described as "the most risky piece seen there for a long time," was produced recently at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris. A correspondent writes as follows about it: "When the curtain rises Mme. Paul Beaumesnil is alone, and her loose morning-gown, her languid attitude, and the many signs of impatience she displays at every hand's turn leave no doubt as to her state; the young lady is in an interesting condition. The family physician, Dr. Asinant—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—a practitioner whose equal is seldom seen, appears; then the husband, next the two mothers-in-law, Mme. Beaumesnil and Mme. Talardiot, with the husband of the latter, a stupid old fellow, who bores all his family, and also the public. This solemn conclave has assembled to examine the qualifications of the person who is a candidate for the nurseship of the baby that is to be, Catelie Bouzou, a buxom peasant girl, who is introduced by her husband, Clovis Bouzou. The scene reminds one—allowing the imagination a very wide range—of the famous one in 'Medecin Malgre Lui.' I leave you to fancy the dialogue to which such a situation lends itself, for it would be impossible to report it here. But the scene is one of the best—perhaps, indeed, the best—in the piece, and the house laughed at it heartily. The end of the solemn inquiry is that the nurse is accepted, and the Beaumesnils even consent to allow her husband to enter their service as gardener, and to live under the same roof with his wife. But Clovis has to take a solemn vow to forget for the time being that Catelie is his wife—in fact, he renounces all his rights and privileges for the sake and in favor of the infant which is soon to be ushered into the world. The happy event comes to pass, and then we find Paul relegated to similar abnegation, also for the sake of his baby son. He has been sent to sleep in the garret, and as, in such cases, solitude is a bad counselor, he begins to find the doctor's wife a very charming person. Clovis, on his side, now that Catelie appertains to her young charge, discovers in Charlotte, the cook, one of the most tempting daughters of Eve he has ever met. And so the two husbands are both in a fair way of going astray. It is no fault of either of the babys' grandfathers, MM. Beaumesnil and Talardot, if the Nounou herself does not follow the same tolerably well-beaten path. They are assiduous in their courtship, and generous of presents. In the second act we are in Catelie's room, and witness a procession through it of all the male occupants of the house, each of whom makes proposals such as might be expected, those of poor Clovis being the only ones at all honorable, although he forgets his original vow. Beaumesnil Sr. and Talardot have not forgotten their offerings; indeed, Catelie receives presents from all sides, even the footman, who is engaged to Charlotte, the cook, bringing her coffee to the pretty nurse. A feminine invasion succeeds this masculine one, but this time the sole object of interest is the baby. Each grandmother has, of course, a special system for rearing infants, and each tries to persuade the young mother to follow her plan, the result being to plan poor little Madame Beaumesnil between two stools. Nothing can be more tiresome than technical discussion of the kind to which we are at this point treated about slobbering-bibs and flannel binders. The only clear deduction to be drawn from the position of affairs is that discord has made its appearance in the family—nothing very wonderful, considering the presence of such dangerous elements as two mothers-in-law. The third act is that devoted to those scenes of complicated mistakes and *quiquopros* without which M. Hennequin could not make a piece—at least, so far as I know. We have not in the present instance the dozen practicable doors, which are his favorable contrivances, for we are in a garden; but a bower has to do duty for the various cabinets of the 'Dominos Roses.' All the personages of the piece are discovered taking coffee without exchanging a word. Some of them brisk up, however, according as the shade of night invades over the stage. The hour of mysterious assignations is approaching. First come the two old fathers-in-law, one and the other in search of Catelie; then the young husband in very close converse with Dr. Asinant's wife; and finally Clovis Bouzou, affirming to the cook that she is the woman he loves best on earth. The authors have placed here one of the most outrageously shocking incidents ever presented before an audience. Clovis, like the hardy peasant that he is, is very bold in his advances towards Charlotte, who only resists for form's sake. Suddenly his ardor dies away to the most singular way; the burning words freeze between his lips, he becomes paralyzed as it were; his flame has gone out like a lamp abruptly extinguished. Charlotte withdraws in a fever of indignation and Clovis remains alone, asking himself what can be the reason of this abrupt and inexplicable inability to express his feelings. The audience had been let into the secret by the authors, and are not taken by surprise. Catelie, who is drunkard, had offered Clovis a hand a little phial which looked tempting, and had swallowed its contents without troubling himself as to what they were. Now, it is nothing more or less than a calming potion, bromide of potass and camphor, which had been prepared for the use of Madame Beaumesnil's husband by the doctor, at the suggestion of one of the mothers-in-law, and Paul has discovered its fatal efficacy during his tete-a-tete with the physician's wife. This pharmaceutical experiment was received with general disapprobation, everyone agreeing in condemning such a repulsively coarse expedient; there is no humor in the idea, and it is treated with such crude grossness. I need not detail the meetings and recognitions with which the act concludes; they remind one of the fifth act of 'The Marriage of Figaro.' The next act passes in the kitchen, which is as perfect a picture of stage realism as the washhouse scene in 'The Assommoir.' The whole 'battery,' as the French call their collection of culinary utensils, is there, in shiny copper and tin. Charlotte is busy in preparing the christening dinner, but finds time to flirt and gossip and take a frequent 'nip' between the action so that it does away with the attractions which so perfect a picture of a kitchen might supply to some spectators. There is an infinity of bustle, fuss and noise, but—and this is a fault applicable to the whole piece from end to end—there is no substratum of wit, humor or interest. Occasionally a droll situation crops up, and here and there a *bon-mot*, but many of the best sayings are old acquaintances familiar to everybody. It seems surprising what could have induced these authors to find place for them in their dialogue. Nothing can possibly be more tiresome than a jealous quarrel which arises between the nurse and the cook, except the servants' dinner which follows. The apparition of the master and mistress with all the 'upstairs' company does not break the ice, and the final scene is so confused that it is hard enough to carry away a clear idea of the denouement. The step-fathers and mothers, however, believe, declare that they had best leave their children to themselves, and Clovis Bouzou has to resign himself to be separated from Catelie until the baby is weaned." Mlle. Dinelli appeared as Catelie, Mlle. Helene Monnier as Charlotte, Mlle. Jane May as the young wife, St. Germain as Clovis, and Laudrol as the elder Beaumesnil.

"Gretchen,"

W. S. Gilbert's latest success, was presented for the first time (as mentioned last week) at the Olympic Theatre, London. The plot of the play, some of the leading incidents of which are modeled upon Goethe's "Faust," is as follows: "The curtain rises upon 'The Cloisters of a Monastery.' The latest addition to the monkish order here is Faustus—not our tottering old friend the Doctor, on the lookout for the readiest means to rejuvenescence—but Faustus, the gay, dashing, gallant, handsome young Faustus, who until now has been the sweetest of his set.' And what has made him a monk? Love. He has loved and lost; but the maiden he thought true has played him false, and in his sorrow he has renounced the world and has thought to find consolation in a sanctuary. We learn, however, before we see him that he has been ill, and that in his delirium he has raved of the pleasures of the world he has deserted, and has cursed the folly which led him to take the monkish vows. For this, on his convalescence, he is duly reproved by his Superior—the venerable Anselm—who is presently succeeded by Gottfried, the old friend of Faustus, who comes to him disguised as a brother of the holy order; who indulges in a little mild reproof at the expense of the novice, who he thinks, but playing the hypocrite; and who presently, throwing aside his priestly habiliments, proceeds to remind his friend of the good things he has sacrificed; of the black eyes and shapely ankles that are still plentiful in the world; and of the festivities which still should be his. He listens to his friend's story of disappointed love—and he pooh! poohs! It with a little parable of a base ducat—a parable which points out the folly of giving up all effort because one has failed; of ignoring all the good in the world because some little thing in our own individual experience has turned out to be bad. Upon this subject of the purity and goodness of womankind Gottfried waxes eloquent. He is a soldier and he is off to the wars; but, prior to his departure he must say farewell to the prettiest and the purest maiden under the sun—to Gretchen, whom he ardently loves, but whose love he will not ask again until, by some brave deed and consequent advancement, he shall have proved himself worthy of her affection. The picture he has drawn of this fair, pure girl stands glowing before the mental vision of Faustus when his friend has left him. Bitter regrets take possession of his soul—regrets that by his seclusion from the world he has shut himself off from the possibility of the love that would heal his wounded heart, and which would prove sincere and ardent and lasting. In his bitter impatience he calls aloud on Earth or Heaven or Hell to come to his assistance, and to bring him back to life—the monkish existence being evidently regarded as death in life. The first in the Faustus to obey the call is the power which was last named. It is represented, we need hardly say, by Mephisto, as smiling and pleasant-spoken a gentleman as can be imagined. He announces himself as a sort of clock-cobbler, ready at 'the shortest notice' to wind up humanity's moral 'works' when they have run down. He very plainly sets before young Faustus, who seems inclined to treat him rudely, the fact that he is not so black as he is painted, and that it is policy to attract and not to repel. He evidently has but a poor opinion of monks in general, for he talks of them as following a lying trade. There are some individuals he knows who pray for mankind in the aggregate and damn them all in detail. When he comes to talk of women he calls the attention of Faustus to one young girl particularly, who has in eighteen years done more harm to his satanic cause than all the monks who ever lived. He so dwells upon her virtues that Faustus becomes enthusiastic. Mephisto, seeing that he has hit the mark, professes to draw back. 'We devils have consciences,' he remarks. He nevertheless consents to show his pupil the girl whose portrait he has drawn in words. And then from the dim recesses of the cloisters there glides to the front the image of Gretchen. She is arrayed in white, and her eyes are fixed upon a breviary. Presently, however, she turns them upon Faustus, who, lost in admiration, has fallen upon his knees. Mephisto's victory is so far won, and, as Faustus bids his companion lead him forth again into the world, the curtain falls for the first time. The second act brings us to the glade where Gretchen dwells, and here again we get a stage picture which called forth a well-deserved complimentary cheer for Mr. Hann. Gretchen's companions are discussing among themselves the return of Lisa, who, having by a villain been tempted from her happy home, has come back betrayed, heart-broken, footsore, ragged and despised. Gretchen it is who comes to comfort her and to shield her from the harsh words and bitter taunts of the damsels who consider themselves all purity. Presently Gretchen's aunt, Martha, returns, puffing and blowing, and grumbling at the hardness of her lot. This all comes of marrying a bad man—that is, a bad poor man,' she reflects—and the audience laugh heartily at the quiet sarcasm of the author who has put the words into her mouth. To Martha Gretchen relates the particulars of an extraordinary dream she has had—the said dream corresponding with what we have seen of her in the opening act. The garrulous Martha, who has had some bitter matrimonial experiences, conjures up what dreams will follow—a dream of love avowed; a dream of pledges of affection at the altar; a dream of months and years of matrimonial wrangling; a dream of cruelty or neglect—with a final awaking to thank God that all has been a dream. Mephisto and his pupil upon the scene are followed by Gottfried, who, having said that farewell alluded to above, encounters his friend; is delighted to see him once more in the garb which becomes him so much better than a monk's; introduces him to Gretchen, and begs that during his absence at the wars he will watch over her and protect her from harm. When Gottfried has gone the 'young people' proceed to indulge in pleasant converse, the heart of Faustus leaping with joy as he reflects that Gretchen's love for Gottfried is that only of a sister. In order the better to further his plans, Mephisto proceeds to engage the watchful Martha's attention. He tickles her with flattery; he sheds tears with her over the death of her husband; he humors her different moods, and as he leads her into the cottage he is even heard hinting at the possibility of himself making application for the post of matrimonial successor to the late lamented. In the meantime Faustus has not been idle in his wooing of the artless Gretchen, who in him has seen again the face that haunted her in her never-to-be-forgotten dream. She leaves him for a short time on some errand of mercy, and Faustus, looking into his own soul, sees at once his own villainy. Upon himself he heaps the bitterest of reproaches. 'Faustus, I know thee now,' he cries. He is his own enemy, and with that enemy will he fight. But Mephisto is at hand to upbraid him with the folly which would lead him to throw away the prize now that it is within his grasp. Angel and Devil appear to work together to upset good resolve, for at this moment appears poor Gretchen, plucking the petals of a daisy, muttering the charm—'he loves me, he loves me not'—giving a cry of anguish and bursting into tears as with the fall of the last come the words: 'He loves me not.' Her anguish is quickly turned to joy, for, crying 'Mistrust thy charm,' young Faustus clasps her in his arms. This brings us to the end of the second act, and three months are now supposed to elapse, the third act 'set' representing part of a German town. The street in front of the cathedral is filled with damsels awaiting the return of their sweethearts from the war. These are headed by Gottfried, whose valor in the field has won him a captaincy. We have heard what sneers have been directed by female lips against the fair fame of Gretchen, and poor Gottfried now looks in vain for her pleasant smile to welcome him and to offer him congratulation. When, with Faustus, she enters the now deserted street, her face is sad, and we know that sin and sorrow have usurped the place of purity and happiness. By chance her lover and her betrayer reveals the fact that for her he left the services of Heaven, and that he had once been a priest. The cup of her bitterness is now full. She shrinks from him almost with horror. She trembles at the thought that she has been guilty of almost unpardonable sacrilege. She will bear her shame and her misery alone, and she expresses her resolve to see him no more. Her determination is unmistakable, and Faustus, now repentant, promises to renew those holy vows which he has broken. Mephisto, as usual, is at hand, but this time his evil counsels prevail not. The orthodox bond has been, in the case of Faustus, dispensed with, and Mephisto now repents of his generosity. He moves Gottfried with the revelation that Gretchen still loves him. The gallant soldier, discovering her, has a terrible story to hear, for, as she sinks at the foot of the cross in the market-place, crying that she is unworthy of his love, he sees the truth, and as his companions and their sweethearts come trooping in he draws his sword; he demands and learns the name of Gretchen's betrayer; and, breaking his scabbard, he swears that he will not again sheath his trusty blade except in the heart of the villain who has so abused his trust. The fourth act is laid within the cottage of Martha. Poor Gretchen is 'fading away.' Her days are numbered. The thought of the sacrilege she has committed still weighs heavy on her heart, and she longs for spiritual consolation. To her bedside is summoned the pious Father Anselm, who, pleading a still more urgent call, leaves a holy brother to fulfill the duties of his office. The said holy brother is none other than Faustus, again attired in priestly garb. To Gretchen he pleads for pardon. She points him to Heaven, whence pardon for his sin must come. He calls on Heaven to send him death, and a very speedy answer to the call is threatened. The avenger is at hand in the person of Gottfried, who, giving him a sword, bids him defend himself. This is Faustus unwilling to do, and Gottfried is about to fulfill his vow but that Gretchen intervenes, saves the life of him who has done her so great a wrong, and bids him atone—not by a coward death, but by a life of charity. The little lamp of poor Gretchen's life, which long has flickered, must now go out, and with that sorrowful denouement the story ends." The cast included Miss Marion Terry as Gretchen, Miss Maggie Brennan as Martha, Mrs. Bernard Beere as Lisa, Miss Folkard as Barbara, Miss Thornton as Agatha, Miss Lonsdale as Bessie, Mr. Archer as Mephisto, H. B. Conway as Faustus, J. Billington as Gottfried, and Mr. Vollaire as Friar Anselm.

"Penal Law,"

a new three-act drama by R. Dodson, was first acted at the Britannia Theatre, London, March 24. The story is thus told: "The period is shortly after the downfall of Napoleon, and in the opening scenes we are introduced to M. Lagrange, a French official, who by his strict administration of the penal law under the Empire had made to himself many foes, and especially so in the case of the young Count Everard De St. Louis, who believes his father to have been the victim of M. Lagrange's official severity. In a moment of passionate despair the Count had written to Lagrange, denouncing him and threatening his life, and the knowledge of this fact serves for the purpose of a couple of adventurers who have for years traded on Lagrange's generosity. These worthies—or rather unworthies—the one named Gastineau, the other Lafont, have borrowed money and otherwise made use of their benefactor, and when, pressed himself, he seeks repayment of a portion of the money he has advanced, they call him usurer, etc., and defy him. In order to get rid of their liabilities they concoct a plot to assassinate Lagrange, and are aided in their villainy by Golif and Joubert, who are escaped convicts, lodging at the house of Mother La Roche, a lady who is not at all particular as to any kind of occupation she follows, being ready to assist at the washtub, to secrete smuggled goods, to hide convicts, or do a little job in the way or murder if anything can be made by it. Pretending to regret their conduct, the arch scoundrels, Gastineau and Lafont, call upon Lagrange (who, in the meanwhile, has convinced the Count Everard that his father really escaped the penal law and died in exile) and induce the official to meet them at the house of Mother La Roche. There is no great difficulty in guessing what comes of this interview. The old man is killed and his body is thrown into the river, the upshot being that the letter found upon the corpse when it is fished up from the stream takes on the Count the charge of murder, he having threatened the murdered man. But there is another personage of considerable importance in the story. That is Madame Morier, a young widow with an only child, and this lady is the object of the villain Lafont's passionate love. In order to force her into adding his plans, Lafont threatens the life of her child, and also that of her brother, a political refugee, and in aiding the escape of her brother Madame Morier had been an involuntary witness of the murder. In the last act the chain of evidence against Gastineau and Lafont appears almost completed, but still Madame Morier will not divulge what she knows, fearing for the safety of her child. At last she is convinced he is out of danger, for the boy is brought to her by a wandering musician. She hesitates no longer, but reveals the true murderers, and Lafont, in a fit of rage, draws a pistol and attempts to shoot her, but kills instead his companion in crime, Gastineau. The innocence of the Count is thus fully established, and he is also made happy by the knowledge that a long-lost sister, Madelaine, is restored to him."

DRAMATIC.

FRED FRASER, character actor and scenic-artist, died at Stockton-on-Tees, Eng., March 18, aged 63.

SAM BOLTON, pantomimist, died at Bradford, Eng., March 20, of inflammation of the lungs, aged 32.

JOHN G. SAUNDERS, comedian, died at Manchester, Eng., March 24, aged 62.

MISS NELLY MOON, the burlesque actress, has had a severe attack of congestion of the brain.

"THE GIRLS" is the title of a new comedy by H. J. Byron, which is to succeed "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville Theatre, London.

HENRY IRVING will devote the proceeds of a performance of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, April 23, to the Shakespeare Memorial Fund.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STEPHEN MASSETT in London has made a hit. *The Figaro* of March 22 thus alludes to his first entertainment in that city: "Stephen Massett (Colonel Jeems Pipes of Pipesville) gave his first entertainment before a London audience at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour street, on Tuesday last. Mr. Massett has achieved popularity in the United States, British India, California, Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, New Zealand, and other faraway places. He possesses undoubted elocutionary and emotional talent, has great versatility, and is of good presence. For nearly two hours, without an interval, on Tuesday night, he held the attention of his auditors, who frequently expressed gratification at his reading, or singing, or instantaneous facial imitations. Mr. Massett discards all extraneous aid, and depends entirely upon variations in tone, manner, gait and facial expression for his success. His selections present the widest contrasts; but, whether pathetic or serio-comic, musical or facial, they are all given with exceptional ability and general discrimination. Mr. Massett repeats his entertainment this afternoon, at Steinway Hall."

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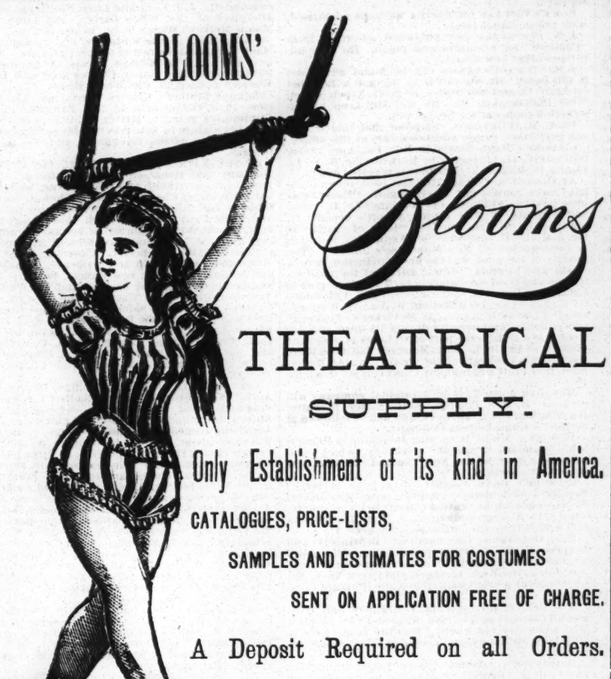

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